

Golden Bridle Poetry Patterns

By

*John Milton Smither
and Collaborators*



811.08 S66g

Smither	Gift
Golden Bridle	
Poetry Patterns	

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Golden Bridle Poetry Patterns

Classic, Modern, Futuristic

*for
Students of Elaborated Poetry*

Some of the poems in this volume have appeared in The Kansas City Star, The Kansas City Journal, The New Foundland Quarterly, The Lantern, The Bard, Pictorial Review, Tapers To The Sun, Wee Wisdom, Sonnets From the Gallery, Kansas Authors Club Year Book, and Lanier Memorial Poems of Trees.

by
JOHN MILTON SMITHER
and COLLABORATORS



Golden Bridle Poetry column editor, John Milton Smither, prizes a letter which he received from Helen Keller thanking him for having sent her a copy of a poem dedicated to her.

Column Editor Receives Thanks of Helen Keller.

PRIZED POSSESSION of John Milton Smither, Conductor of the Journal's Golden Bridle Poetry column, is a letter just received from Helen Keller.

Written in appreciation of the receipt of a poem dedicated to her and a copy of Mr. Smither's "Poetry Patterns," Miss Keller's letter follows:

Dear Mr. Smither:

Mingled emotions of pleasure and humble wonder were stirred in me when I received your "Poetry Patterns." Many who pause at the gate of my sequestered life-garden have put beautiful thought-jewels into my hand, but your "Golden Chamber" leaves me almost speechless. The only way I can thank you is to be happy because you perceive that shadows and silence also may enshrine beauty.

With glad confidence I declare that you need not forfeit the senses' magic to gain the Inner Light which is mine. For the poet looks out through your eye, and the music of life-within-life chants in your ear.

The ember of my joy glows brighter with each word-spark you kindle in "May Abloom" and "An Oak." The violets "peeping with elfish eyes" and the tree "juggling the stars" will lend new delight to my woodland rambles and spring's return.

Thanking you for the exquisite happiness you sang in to Christmas for me, I am, with cordial New Year greetings,

Sincerely yours,

Helen Keller

Miss Keller once wrote, "Observers in the full enjoyment of their bodily senses pity me, but it is because they do not

see the golden chamber where I dwell delighted; for ^{dark as} ~~dark as~~
my path may seem to them, I carry a magic light in my
heart."

It was this which inspired Mr. Smither to dedicate the
following poem to her:

Reference

GOLDEN CHAMBER

Mine the amber of the morning
And the golden sheen of noon;
Mine the crimson of the sunset
And the glimmer of the moon.

Mine the dazzle of the planets,
Venus, Mercury and Mars;
Mine the silver of the velvet
That is needled by the stars.

Mine the tapestry of summer
And the winter's crystal grace;
Mine the azure of the cosmos
And the majesty of space.

But all this I would surrender
For the raptured vision caught
By the heart of Helen Keller
In the labyrinth of thought.

Let me glimpse her "golden chamber,"
Lend my heart her magic "light;"
I would forfeit all my treasure
For her hearing and her sight.

R. B. JONES & SONS Inc.
Kansas City, Missouri
January 24, 1939

Dear Mr. Smither:

Confirming our recent telephone conversation, I know you will be interested in the immediate reaction of Miss Helen Keller to the poem concerning her included in your delightful volume, "Poetry Patterns."

When your book arrived, I personally delivered it to Miss Polly Thompson, Miss Keller's secretary, who found the poem at once and by means of the manual alphabet (that is, transmitting the poem through Miss Thompson's fingers to the palm of Miss Keller's hand) read your poem to Miss Keller.

The first two lines immediately caught Miss Keller's attention, as expressed by her attitude and particularly her facial expression. She seemed to sense the beauty that was to follow. After that with almost each line of your verse, Miss Keller either raised her hands to the level of her face or clasped them vigorously and enthusiastically. Several times she tried to interrupt Miss Thompson who, however, continued to read to the end of the poem. Then Miss Keller expressed her rapture and delight by several sentences and said that she considered your poem one of the most beautiful expressions that she had ever read.

Miss Keller referred to your poem several times while she remained as our guest and I assure you that the expressions in her letter to you were most sincere and from her heart.

Yours very truly,
R. Bryson Jones

EXECUTIVE OFFICE
State of Missouri

Mr. John Milton Smither,
Conductor, Poetry Column,
Kansas City Journal
My dear Mr. Smither:

I have enjoyed very much reading the "Golden Bridle Poetry Column," conducted by you. It is most interesting.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Lloyd C. Stark
Governor

The University of Kansas City
February 3, 1939

Mr. John Milton Smither,
Kansas City Journal
Dear Mr. Smither:

I took pleasure in reading the newspaper article you sent me. "Golden Chamber" is a beautiful poem. I do not wonder that Helen Keller wrote to you as she did.

Sincerely yours,
Alexander P. Cappon
Editor, University Review

The Kansas Authors Club
January 18, 1939

John Milton Smither,
Kansas City, Mo.
My dear Mr. Smither:

I am deeply indebted to you for the clippings sent me January 9th, and want to thank you for having the pleasure of reading one of the finest bits of prose I have ever seen. You must have had a real thrill out of Miss Keller's letter. There are few who may claim this distinction and your poem "Golden Chamber" is a lovely thing.

I want to use this letter from Miss Keller in the Yearbook; also will give a write-up of your column as well with your permission.

Again thanking you,
Cordially yours,
Patricia Mueller

NATIONAL POETRY CENTER
"Radio City" Rockefeller Center
New York City

February 8, 1939

Mr. John Milton Smither,
Kansas City, Mo.
My dear Mr. Smither:

May I have the honor of your name as organizer of The Scribes of the Golden Bridle, on my Poetry Week Council? It would indeed be a privilege to have your distinguished organization represented.

Most cordially yours,
Anita Browne,

From the New Foundland Quarterly

Mr. Smither has contributed many poems of outstanding excellence to this magazine, and our earnest hope is that he shall continue in the full exercise of that special and precious gift of the poetic soul, "the divine afflatus," which the increasing years but seem to strengthen in our esteemed contributor.

Editor

GOLDEN BRIDLE POETRY STANDARD

Perfect English
Perfects poetry,
Flowered
With symbol,
Metaphor, simile,
Personification,
Apostrophe,
Antithesis,
Hyperbole,
Onomatopoeia,
Syzygy,
Tone color,
Metonymy,
And allegory,
Beauty
Our ambrosia.

AVOID

Deformed English
Deforms poetry.
The aspiring
Scribes Of The Golden Bridle
Must avoid such deformities of English, as—
Aphaeresis, 'tis, 'mid;
Apocope, ope', oft';
Synaeresis, I'll, that's;
Syncope, ne'er, o'er;
Prosthesis, a-down, a-twinkle;
Archaism, thee, loveth;
Battology, needless repetition;
Catachresis, awkward figures of speech;
Colloquialism, old fashioned, obsolete diction;
Prolixity, aimless detail;
Tautology, doubly expressed thought;
Verbosity, more words than necessary, etc.
For inevitable words,
And pearls of metaphor,
Dive into the channel
Of the Dictionary.

NINE MAGIC FEET

— —	The stars	Iambus
— —	Twinkle	Trochee
— — —	Brilliantly,	Dactyl
— — —	And the moon	Anapest
— — —	Is opal.	Amphibrach
— — —	Filtered light	Amphimacer
— — — —	Silvers the dome	Choriamb
— —	Of the	Pyrrhic
— —	Night Sky.	Spondee

GOLDEN BRIDLE BOUQUET OF TWENTY-SIX FEET

Foot Sign		Feet
— — — —	Golden Bridle	Ditrochee
— — — —	Bouquet of feet,	Iambduple
— — — — —	The rainbow in bloom,	Dochmius
— — —	The rose,	Iambus
— — —	Lily,	Trochee
— — — —	And the phlox;	Anapest
— — — —	Hyacinth,	Dactyl
— — — —	Narcissus,	Amphibrach
— — — —	Mignonette,	Amphimacer
— — — — —	Heliotrope,	Choriamb
— — — — —	The corn flower,	Antichoriamb
— — — —	Wild blue bell,	Molossus
— — — —	And the	Pyrrhic
— — — —	Primrose.	Spondee
— — — — —	Then we have the	Paeon 1
— — — — —	Gaillardia,	Paeon 2
— — — — —	The carnation,	Paeon 3
— — — — —	And fleur-de-lis.	Paeon 4
— — — — —	The foxglove,	Bacchius
— — — — —	Snapdragon,	Antibacchius
— — — — —	The swan's down rose,	Epitrite 1
— — — — —	Orchid, sweet pea,	Epitrite 2
— — — — —	Plumed goldenrod,	Epitrite 3
— — — — —	Blackeyed Susan,	Epitrite 4
— — — — —	Red columbine,	Minor Ionic
— — — — —	And the moss pink.	Major Ionic

APPRAISEMENT OF POETRY

*An adaptation by John Milton Smither, Poetry
Editor Kansas City Journal,
From an essay by John P. Gilday
Poetry Editor Kansas City Star*

Poetry teaches us how to live well.
It idealizes life,
And shapes our motives
And aspirations toward higher ends and aims.
It unfolds to us the higher meanings
Of life, gives us courage to face misfortunes
And peril, resignation under tragedies
And disappointments, humility
Before the awesome and reverential
Mysteries of life, exultation
In the presence of nature's sublimities,
Enthusiasm in the performance
Of our appointed tasks,
And delight in mere existence.
Poems have led nations to war
And soldiers to battle,
Soothed them by their campfires
And kept their memories green
If they were called upon to pay
The last full measure of devotion
To their country's cause.
These are poetry's trumpet tones.
But poetry loves best the ways of peace,
The abiding places of beauty and loveliness,
And to these she leads her votaries.
I do not mean that the poet avoids
The tragedies or miseries of life.
The beauty and loveliness to which I refer
Is that poetic beauty and loveliness
That gilds with its alchemy of idealization
Even the ugliness and evil of life,
That finds a balm for sorrow, a beauty
In tragedy, a solace in death,
And even a heroism in the brutalities
Of human courage and daring.
Only with an understanding of both
The joys and sorrows of life,
Can we understand life—
The meaning of life—
And poetry gives us that understanding,
And sublimates all our experiences
Into the most exalted of all philosophies.

SEVEN BASIC RHYTHMS

PATTERN ONE *Couplet Pennant*

Iambus Rhythm
Foot Sign — —

Pentameter
Acatalectic

MAY ABLOOM

I climbed a bluff above the river's bend
With May abloom
While dawn had gold to lend;
I met the Haw
Who wore a gown of lace,
And greeted me with joyance in her face;
And Violets
Were peeping from the turf,
With elfish eyes
That matched the azure surf;
Sweet Williams danced like pixies on parade,
And Columbines
Held candles in the shade;
I climbed as dawn
Wove beauty with her loom,
And on the bluff I captured May abloom.

PATTERN TWO *Couplet Pennant*

Dactyl Rhythm
Foot Sign — — —

Tetrameter
Catalectic

AN OAK

Yonder an Oak at the top of a hill
Stands like a sentinel, sturdy and still,
Brushing the sky
At the glimmer of dawn,
Basking in glee
When the shadows are gone;
Pilfering gold from the coffers of noon,
Salvaging silver at wake of the moon;
Brandishing coin
When the heavens are bright,
Juggling the stars
In the cavern of night;
Stormed by the elements time and again,
Symbol of triumph and teacher of men.

PATTERN THREE *Couplet Pennant*

Trochee Rhythm
Foot Sign — ˘

Tetrameter
Catalectic

SUMMER

Drenching dawn with filtered gold
Summer wakes the herd and fold,
Tunes the cardinal
With mirth,
As the shadows
Flee the earth.
Drums for rain and deigns to spread.
Prismy colors over-head;
Paves with gold
The rippled sea,
Paints the blossoms
Of the lea.
Stains the foliage and grass,
Turns the wheat to molten brass;
Flavors fruit
Till mellow ripe,
Purple, red
And every type.
Summer robed in beauty's guise,
Sky and earth her Paradise.

PATTERN FOUR *Random Pennant*

Anapest Rhythm
Variable
Foot Sign ˘ ˘ —

Tetrameter
Variable

VESPER MELODY

From a tree in the valley a cardinal sang,
Good cheer! good cheer!
Good cheer!
In its vespersal sweetness the melody rang,
So blithely, wild and clear.

And a thrush from the bramble responded to him
With the silvery trill
Of a rill;
It was eve and light of the heavens was dim,
And the breath of the forest was still.

Amphibrach Rhythm
 Foot Sign — — —

Tetrameter
 Catalectic

JUNE

You dance like a nymph in the trail of the moon,
 And leap up the sky with the banners of noon.
 You sit on the clouds
 In your ruffles and lace,
 A queen on your throne
 With a smile on your face.
 You color the rainbow
 With luminous dye
 When showers of crystal are veiling the sky.
 The fire of the lily and flame of the rose
 You mingle in beauty
 And gaily disclose.
 You come to the earth
 On the wings of a breeze,
 And sing with the birds
 In the arms of the trees.
 You sprinkle the stars in the purple lagoon,
 When lovers delight in the rapturous boon.

RAPTURE OF JUNE

In the rapture of June
 When the heavens were neuter,
 I saluted the moon
 From a placid lagoon,
 And the water was strewn
 With the dapples of pewter,
 In the rapture of June
 When the heavens were neuter.

Amphimacer Rhythm
 Foot Sign — ∪ —

Dimeter
 Acatalectic

WHIPPOORWILL

Day is done, night is still,
 Spring has changed
 Winter's chill
 To a song,
 O the thrill
 Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!
 Where the moon's silver rill
 Floods the moor,
 Dale and hill,
 Dulcet notes
 Lilt and spill,
 Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!
 Trees have donned lace and frill;
 Tulip, pink
 Daffodil
 Fade with day's
 Window sill,
 Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!

SILVER SCHOONER

Silver Schooner,
 Glimmering high above us,
 Dimming planets,
 Mercury, Mars and Venus;
 Saturn, Neptune,
 Jupiter and Uranus,
 Queen of the cosmos.

 Shedding beauty,
 Silvering earth beneath us,
 Flooding ocean,
 Continent, island, isthmus;
 Silver sequins lavishly
 You bequeath us,
 Queen of the cosmos.

Choriamb Rhythm
 Foot Sign — ∪ ∪ —

Dimeter
 Acatalectic

BEAUTY IS BORN

Winter is shorn, summer is here,
 Beauty is born, heaven is near.
 Poppies in flame
 Redden the lawn,
 Just as the sun reddens the dawn.
 Hollyhocks hold tapers of June,
 Blent with the clouds
 Curtaining noon.
 Lilies in white sway with the breeze,
 Choristers give voice to the trees.
 Marigolds smile,
 Daffodils hold
 Up to the sun goblets of gold.
 Columbines wave candles of light
 Over the turf
 After the night.
 Winter is shorn, summer is here,
 Beauty is born, heaven is near.

ONOMATOPOEIA

I stood facing the ocean,
 As the sun from his crucible,
 Poured over it molten gold,
 When the wrinkled tide
 Burned with the glint of metal,
 And leaped like flame,
 Against the coastal ledge,
 And collapsed with the booming cry
 Of Om! the matrix of all sounds.

SARA TEASDALE

She left her flame her shadow spent,
Bequeathed the world her fine intent,
 Her jewelled thought emitting light,
 The mintage gathered in her flight
The little while before she went.

She worshiped beauty, heart content,
Partook of it as sacrament
 So sacred was it in her sight;
 She left her flame.

And now away her name is blent
With the immortals Time has sent,
 Beyond the reach of dimming night,
 And glows arrayed in starry white
For still her voice is eloquent,
 She left her flame.

PADEREWSKI'S MINUET

When Paderewski played
His Minuet,
I saw colors
Of which rainbows are made,
And flowers are petaled;
And I heard
The silver feet of rain
Patter a refrain;
Heard the oriole's piccolo,
The streamlets laughter,
And the cataract's rolling thunder.
I heard the tempo and wonder
Of ethereal music,
When Paderewski played
His Minuet.

WEAVER OF BEAUTY

Today I saw a spider
Weave a gossamer wheel;
A spider
Smaller than a fly;
The diminutive artist
Wove the circle
With thread upon thread,
And made a hitch
At each fragile spoke.
And as her work progressed,
The gleams of morning light
Were caught by the pattern,
And beauty
Like shimmer of pearl
Hung in the air.

TAJ MAHAL

Taj Mahal,
Full blown rose
Of architecture;
Distilled beauty;
Frozen magnificence;
Rhapsody of loveliness.
A poem
Of white alabaster
Shading to pink,
Rose and purple,
As the hours
Revolve
On the dial
Of time.

ART SHOP OF NIGHT

The art shop of night;
Silver
Medallion
Rainbow
Tiara,
And diamond
Solitaires
Displayed
On black
Taffeta,
With fused light
Edging
The drapery.

MY CATHEDRAL

The arched sky flaming
 With the paints of dawn,
The star bright canopy
 When day is gone.

Cloud ships
 Through the heavens winging,
Bird choristers
 In the spring time singing.

Forest ranges
 Edging the sky with green,
Orchards lifting again
 A snowy screen.

Carpeted aisles
 Beneath the verdant bowers,
Diversely strewn
 With fern-spray and flowers.

Summer's verdure and bloom,
 Winter's crystal,
Here I worship
 In my cathedral.

SUNDIAL

The Season's golden smile reveals to me
The shining rapture of Eternity.
When hazy Autumn
Spreads a fiery wing
Against the sky,
And birds have ceased to sing;
Or whether Winter robes the earth in white,
And flushes dawn with gleams of opal light;
Or Flowers wave
Their banners in the Spring,
When migrant birds
Return with caroling,
The Season's golden smile reveals to me
The shining rapture of Eternity.

CITADEL OF SILENCE

Citadel of silence, holy and divine,
Vestibule of heaven, God's eternal shrine,
Where the gracious Father
Dwelleth to impart
Truth that giveth vision
To the yearning heart;
Bringing men together in the light of good,
Teaching all who listen human brotherhood.
Teaching peace and friendship
From the court above,
Message for the nations
In the bond of love.
Citadel of silence, holy and divine,
Vestibule of heaven, God's eternal shrine.

PATTERN NINETEEN

Mosaic Unrhymed

RHODODENDRON

Snow-bank of beauty;
A drift of Fairy bonnets
Frilled, ruffled,
And splashed
With pearl-glint,
Shell-pink
And midnight purple.
Dust transmuted
To loveliness
By the
Divine Artist.

PATTERN TWENTY

Iambus

GOLDENROD

Like foam
Of gold
Upon a sea
Of jade,
The goldenrod
In blossom
Is displayed.
It ripples
With the flurry
Of a breeze,
In wide expanse
Like waters
Of the seas.

PATTERN TWENTY-ONE

Mosaic Rhymed

NOVEMBER ART

November's breath
Veiled the sky with gray,
And snow
White as a lily's cheek
Sifted through the dark,
And queen's lace
Was hung about the trees,
And spread over
The gold-leaf quilt
Of the ground,
Fold on fold,
Frill on frill;
God, what art,
Born of November's
Chill heart.

THIS IS MY HOUR

This is my hour to live,
To garner truth and give,
Exercising power of body and mind,
The past is night, devoid of life and light,
Oblivion's ebon blind.

This is my hour to live,
To garner truth and give,
My watch tower, my citadel,
My heaven where all is well;
My golden morn, the future is unborn.

This is my hour to live,
To garner truth and give;
Now, the eternal Now!
Is God's hour and mine,
Truth is in flower,
Beauty is my ambrosia,
Joy my wine,
This is my hour to live,
To garner truth and give,
Life is divine.

JUNE DUSK

June dusk	The thrush's
And a woody dell,	Vesper lute,
Bloom and musk,	A red bird's
Trees and bramble,	Dulcet flute,
A place to ramble.	The sky
	A sounding shell.

June dusk
And a woody dell,
The hush,
The thrush,
A red bird,
And the magic spell.

SEA SHELL CUP

Rambling along
In a song-sweet wood,
I came upon beauty
Where a cabin stood;
An oriental poppy
Looking up,
Held tree-filtered gold
In a sea-shell cup.

DANCE OF FLOWERS

Come with the wind
To the dance
Of the flowers,
Out on the hills
Where the cardinals sing;
Mayapple, columbine,
Hailing the showers,
Violets
Donning
Their bonnets
Of spring.

Beauty above
In the shimmer
Of morning,
Beauty beneath
As the
Flowers unfold;
Flora,
The goddess,
Is deftly
Adorning
The gardens
With blossoms
White, crimson and gold.

GOD OF FLOWERS

When I see a pansy
 Looking at the skies,
Early in the morning
 With its dewy eyes,
Then I know where rainbows
 Get their solar dyes.

When the tiger lily's
 Petals are unfurled,
In the glow of morning
 With the sky impearled,
I must stop and ponder
 Beauty's magic world.

When the God of flowers
 Writes His shining name
With the light of morning
 Where the petals flame,
Then my heart is lifted
 Voiceful with acclaim.

REDBIRD

I saw a redbird flash his wing,
And from a tree
Salute
The sunrise
With his flute,
When wintry chill gave way to spring.
He made the crispy welkin ring,
And turned the sky
To June
By magic
Of his tune,
So joyous was his caroling.

BLUE BIRD

The dawn
Was pearl;
The lawn
Was glass,
For sleet like glue
Had sealed the grass;
With chill of heart
I stopped to view
The work of art,
But heard a song
And saw it pass
On wings of blue;
Then well I knew
The winds would tune
Ere long
The leaf-clad harps
Of June,
And enchant the earth
With roses,
Silvered
By the moon.

WHIPPOORWILL SERENADE

Beauty of the evening star,
Glittering in the ebon dome;
Beauty of the rising moon,
Floating in the opal foam,
Pouring silver over dune,
Valley, river and lagoon;
Notes of silver in the glade,
"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!"
O, the welcome serenade,
Verdure now is spreading shade,
"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!"

SPRING

Now the sun quells the cold,
Paints the dawn ruddy gold,
While the thrush in salute
Greets the spring with his flute.

Flakes of sky strew the dells
Where the buds turn to bells,
And the trees leaf and dress
In the sun's warm caress.

And the moon, opal-white,
Melts the dark with her light,
Leaving smiles in her wake
Over crag, moor and lake.

And the night growing still,
Silver notes lilt and spill
From the cove of a hill,
Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!

THE THRUSH

When the morning is gold
And the flowers unfold
With cerise on the cloud,
And the bugle is loud
From the spray of a tree,

With the thrush I am free,
For my heart is consoled,
And is lost to the crowd,
With its winging endowed
By the song and the glee.

NATURE'S FINERY

I love to hear the throistle sing
Within the bloomy gates of spring,
The heavens shimmering.

While forest fringes dip and sway
Against the golden rim of day,
Afar and billowy.

I love the clouds in rumpled mass,
The rainbow cut like colored glass,
As jeweled showers pass.

And then to hear the whippoorwill
Secluded on a wooded hill,
Where silver moonbeams spill.

I love the changes of the sky,
As well, the seasons passing by,
In nature's finery.

MORPHEUS

From the cares of life to wander
Far apart to dream and ponder,
Midnight walled my quiet chamber
And concealed my open door;
Morpheus was I imploring
To admit of my exploring,
Crannies of his world to plunder,
To traverse its mystic shore,
When there came a signal whisper
Wafting through my chamber door
Lisping: "Time shall be no more."

Slowly then the veil was sundered,
In the distance music thundered;
As I floated from my chamber
Earth dissolved and was no more;
There supernal light was dawning,
Morpheus removed the awning,
Hills and cities ranged before me,
And ethereal was the shore;
Throngs of people were suspended,
Effortless they seemed to soar,
Lisping: "Time shall be no more."

Naught of grime or toil or labor
There befell the lowest neighbor,
For the lowly were the equal
Of the lordly on that shore;
All were fellows of one union,
In delight they held communion,
Mortal factions were unknown there,
Morpheus revealed the lore,
So I joined in their communion
Just as others had before,
Lisping: "Time shall be no more."

MISSOURI

When at mast our banner waves,
 And the colors in the blue
 Stir the valor of the true,
In the field of azure there
In the center is a star,
Brighter than the others are,
 As the symbol of the fame
 Of the cherished Indian name,
 Missouri.

From Kentucky, Tennessee,
 And Virginia came our sires,
 Honest, hardy pioneers,
Foresters of rugged ways
Were these vanguards of the maze
Of Missouri's early days,
 Yet they founded lasting fame
 For the cherished Indian name,
 Missouri.

Though Missouri were cut off
 From the world it has been said,
 Thirty million could have bread
And the comforts they would need,
It is such a land of meed,
Treasure laden state indeed,
 Bearing that peculiar fame
 Of the cherished Indian name,
 Missouri.

OLD GLORY

Old Glory! Old Glory! unfurling today,
Lashing and flashing in gallant array,
Landward and seaward,
The hope of the slave,
Spangled, star-spangled,
The flag of the brave;
Heartache and heartbreak,
The price of thy fold,
Wave on and guide on, our liberty hold;
Friendship and kinship, thy colors secure,
Rending and ending
Autocracy's lure;
Rainbow and halo,
The red, white and blue,
Bought by and sought by
The brave and the true;
Blood bought and soul wrought, beauty unfurled,
Old Glory! Old Glory! peace save to the world.

GOD IS A POET

God is a poet, His tome is the cosmos
Worded in fire
On the infinite scroll,
Picturing dawn
With the sun in his palace,
Planets and stars in the ebony bowl.
Garnishing summer with verdure and flowers,
Massing flotillas
Of silver and gold;
Painting the scenes
Of the seasonal beauty,
Featuring winter prismatic and cold.
Never repeating a dawn or a sunset,
Only displaying
Perpetual change;
Never a duplicate
Summer or winter,
His tome is the cosmos of infinite range.

AUTUMN

If you would see
The winding river-stream
Reflect the latest
Sunset gleam;

If you would see
A magic leaf design,
Of tapestry
In gold and wine,

Come hie away
Where Autumn spills,
The glint of day
Among the river hills.

If you would see
The winding river-stream,
A steamboat plying
As you dream;

A rail-train
Like a toy go rolling by,
An air-plane
Like a dragonfly,

Come hie away
Where Autumn spills,
The glint of day
Among the river hills.

POET

The poet
Cannot forfeit
Freedom.
The earth
Is his text book,
The universe

His encyclopedia,
Truth his sustenance,
Human brotherhood
His utopia,
And God
His Emancipator.

TAPAWINGO

At Tapawingo
 When the sun was low,
 I saw his wings of gold
 Unfold,
 And blazon
 The water
 Like burnished sky
 Dazzling the eye.
 But soon
 The shimmer
 Faded away,
 And the moon
 Succeeding day,
 From her silver isle
 Made the water smile,
 And the stars
 Full abloom,
 Spangled the gloom,
 And fell
 Pell-mell
 From the skies,
 And gemmed the lake
 With myriad eyes.

SALVIA AND HUMMINGBIRD

To Autumn's
 Bonfire
 Of salvia
 There came
 A hummingbird,
 Like a moth
 To the flame,—
 An entrancing specter,
 That cup by cup
 Sipped of nectar.

JULY PANTOMIME

Dusk dimming
The gold of sunset;
An oak
In the tenacles
Of a trumpet vine
Wound about
With crimson flame.
Two slight forms

Darting phantom-like
Livening the fiery pillar
As its beauty fades
In the gleams of dying day.
Shadowy squirrels
In pantomime,
Closing the play.

TIGER LILY

Tiger lily,
Alien,
Half a world
From your native soil,
Your coral throat
Splashed
With purple;
Your wind touched anthers

Quivering;
Your stem
Bristling
With emerald blades.
Transcript of beauty,
My eyes feast
At your altar.

SILVER SPIDER

I saw
The autumn moon,
In her
Iridescent
Tiara,
Veil the sky

With her
Web of light,
Snaring
The stars
Like a great
Silver spider.

SUMMER IS HERE

Yonder a tree ringing with glee,
Shelters a bird;
Cadence of bliss sweeter than this
Never was heard.

Summer is here, roses appear,
Musical theme;
Sing in delight morning and night,
Sweet as a dream.

SUMMER SKIES

I love the summer skies
That burnish the mountains,
Distil the waters,
And drape the trees
With verdant shade
Where birds may nest
And pipe their melodies.

Summer skies
That coax the flowers
From the soil,
And green the fields
With promise of bounty
Against the toll of winter.

FLOWERS

They speak,
I hear;
They have voice,
I have ear.

They give pleasure;
I love it,
God above it.

Sky glistens
In them,
Earth smiles
Through them;

Dew gives them eyes,
I thrill
With surprise.

TIGRIDIA

Tigridia, your beauty is the smile
 Of Him who hangs
 The stars above the earth,
 As beacons in the tower
 Of night, and sends,
 The moon to veil you with her silver floss,
 And sets ajar the gates of dawn to let
 The king of day
 Salute you with a kiss,
 For you are queen where flowers bloom, the last
 Finger-print of the Infinite Artist;
 You are the poem
 God has sent to me;
 Tigridia,
 One sight of you, and now,
 You flower in memory's golden urn.

SKY SWANS

The silver swans that swim at night,
 High above,
 Upon the lake of silver light
 Age on age,
 Must engage
 Attention of the poet's eye
 Lest beauty's charm should wane and die
 Lost to love.
 The golden swans that float at noon,
 In the bowl,
 Upon the golden tide of June,
 Flocks at rest
 On the crest,
 There flung across the azure space,
 And poising in majestic grace,
 Charm the soul.
 Naught else can stir the poet's heart
 To the core.
 Naught else but beauty's subtle art,
 In the maze
 Of nights and days,
 Inspires the genius looking where
 The scenes reveal in sky and air,
 Beauty's shore.

BEAUTY

O Beauty, at morning you wake from your lair,
With gold of the cosmos you burnish the day;
At evening you dangle the stars in the air
And sail with the moon in your revelous play.

You fondle the flowers with fingers of rain,
And luster the clouds with your girdle of light,
Surveying the ocean, the mountain and plain,
And draping with glory the earth in its flight.

The spring is your passion, the urge of your soul,
The flowers you match with the tints of the sky;
The seasons you marshal from tropics to pole
And follow the blossoms with harvest supply.

O Beauty! Eternal creator of art,
You silver the dreams of the cloistered heart.

AUTUMN SUNSET

Above the river hills
Fringed with trees,
Onyx mountains
With opal peaks and crags,
Wall the caldron of sunset.
Yonder at the center,
A figure,
A veritable Goliath,
In helmet of gold,
Rises from a gulch.
To the right
The Lion of Lucerne
Is carved
From a cliff of pearl.
To the left
A golden salamander
Swims in a lake of flame.
And over the distant divide,
A thousand brazen horses
Sweep majestically
Toward eternal vastness.

GALLERY OF ART

Zeus, from the silences of peace,
Again beholds "The glory that was Greece."
The sun remembering lays hold
Of such artistry with finger-tips of gold.
The moon her olden silver wing
Spreads above this monumental thing.
The stars look down in mass astonishment
At William Rockhill Nelson's accomplishment.
And man sees works within these portals
Commemorating the immortals.
Now, let the world look to its laurels of art,
Here is a frozen dream of majesty
In America's heart.

LIBERTY MEMORIAL

The shaft implores the heavens
That war may be no more;
It is the voice of legions
Who paid the price in gore.
The sphinxes veil their faces
With wings of carven stone,
The utterers of sorrow
In one eternal moan.
The living, awed and solemn,
Review the holy shrine,
In hope the future never
May hear the shrapnel whine;
In hope that man may waken
From his primeval mood,
And nation keep with nation
The truce of brotherhood.

SILVER YACHT

Silver Yacht, with sails of light,
Fling out your gleams and silver night;
Silver Yacht
Cut through the spray
Put out and sail
The milky way.
Sail through the sheen of silver bars,
The glitter of the silver stars.
Silver Moon,
My Silver Yacht,
Take me to port
Where time is not,
Where I may ponder heart agleam,
And weave of hope a silver dream.

POET'S GOLD

Gold for the poet at morning and noon
Paling to silver at wake of the moon;
Gold of the rainbow
Agleam in the sky, flag of the argosy
Thundering by.
Gold of the oriole
Coming awing, piping his piccolo,
Herald of spring.
Gold of the butterfly, airy and coy,
Ever alluring, the symbol of joy.
Gold of the blossoms
The seasons disclose, marigold, jonquil,
Gaillardia, rose.
Gold of the garden,
The orchard and field, fruitage of harvest
In bountiful yield.
Gold for the taking, the coin of the muse,
Treasure the poet is never to lose.

MAJESTY OF NATURE

Molten pearl of dawn, ruby cliffs of sunset,
Silver spangled night; majesty of nature.

When the petals of dawn are unfurled,
And the cliffs of the sky are impearled,
I am lifted and freed from the world,
For Paradise is near.

Leaden canopy above, thunder-crash and shower,
Sunburst and rainbow; majesty of nature.

When the sky is a turbulent plain,
With the thunder and crystalline rain,
And the arc with its colorful stain,
Then God I see and hear.

Tapestry of summer, harvest gold of autumn,
Ermine robe of winter; majesty of nature.

When the blossoms of summer unfold,
When the harvest is laden with gold,
And the winter is etched with cold,
Then ecstasy is mine.

Molten pearl of dawn, ruby cliffs of sunset,
Silver spangled night; majesty of nature.

SNOW

The eider-down of winter
Weaves a shawl
Upon the loom
Of crystal laden air,
And spreads it over earth
To catch the glare
Of prisms light
By day and night,
And there
Does beauty testify
Of God to all.

SPRING

When spring shellacs the sky with gold
And walls the earth against the dark,
And bids the choral tide unfold
With breath of rose and song of lark,
With plowboy whistle on the air
When spring shellacs the sky with gold,
The universe is very fair
With beauty mine to have and hold.
Then being free from winter's cold
Is a delight I fondly share,
When spring shellacs the sky with gold
For all the creatures everywhere.
The teeming life beneath the blue,
While beauty yet superbly old
Is brought before the mortal view
When spring shellacs the sky with gold.

ALL IS BEAUTY

There is
No ugliness
When the moon silvers night,
And the meadow of stars enchants
The eye.
Nor when
The risen sun
Impearls the sky at dawn,
And mounts the terraced clouds to reach
His throne.
And all
Is beauty when
The lord of day descends
Behind the spangled shadow-screen
Of night.
Likewise
All is beauty
When contemplative thought
Surveys the eternal vistas
Of truth.

LUPINE PAINTED HILLS

The lupine painted hills, my Paradise,
Enkindled where the sunset gold
Is poured, and beauty dwells,
There dreams inspire
My heart;
Such art
In tongues of fire,
Speaks to me and impels
My soul to rouse and spread its bold
And searching wings, elate for homeward skies;
There I would soar beyond the storms and rise
Above the weather's heat and cold,
Where spheric music swells
As from a lyre,
Its part
To start
Earth's lyric choir,
Which sings, and singing tells
Of loveliness the days unfold,
The lupine painted hills, my Paradise.

VERITY

When I behold the sky phenomenon,
See poppies wave
Their banners to the sun,
And violets
Come creeping from the sod,
I know by sense of sight there is a God.
When I observe the orchard of the Spring,
And hear the cardinal
In rapture sing;
When Autumn turns to gold
The grain and fruit,
The care of God is then beyond dispute.
And when I hear the sweet, still voice within,
And feel the surge of life,
My origin,
The passion of my heart
Is set aflame,
When God in truth I know, adore, proclaim.

AT NIGHT

At night the poet with enchanted eye
 Reads lyrics in the maze of silver bars
That glitter on the parchment of the sky,

The verses that are lettered with the stars
 And voiced with rhythm of a muted tune
From harps of Pluto, Jupiter and Mars,

From which the devotee derives a boon,
 And as the magic brings the earth to flower,
He dips into the chalice of the moon.

And being moved by an ecstatic power,
 Observing night as moments slowly turn,
He feels the solace of the holy hour,

And understands why mortals ever yearn
For beauty's silver torches, as they burn.

NATURE'S ART

I stood and looked upon the sea as day
 Emerged above the ebon shore of night,
And saw the king of dawn in gold array
 Thrust forth across the sea a flood of light;
And watched the burnished billows leap and bray,
 As shadows vanished in their hurried flight;
And then I pondered with a solemn heart,
The mastery of God in Nature's art.

GALILEO

When Galileo with the telescope

Made bold to search the fiery sky, he brought
To earth a burst of truth, suffice to cope

With superstition that had clouded thought
Through ages while the world had been mistaught.
He found the moon reflected borrowed light;

That earth revolves around the sun; he probed
The milky-way and solved its cosmic flight,
And brought the hidden moons of Jupiter to sight.

From that beginning man has ventured on,

With truth enlarging at his further search,
In radiance surpassing that of dawn,

When day expands and night is in the lurch.
Now truth prescribes the rote for school and church,
And gains the mastery when it is sought,

Since truth is cure for superstition's smirch,
And verifies enlightenment of thought,
As gleaned from universal law that God has wrought.

WINTER

The earth is carpeted with snow,
The canvas of the sky is blue,
The timid sun is peeping through
The trees that fringe the morning glow.

The air is crisp, the hills are white
And clouds are heaped like ocean foam
Across the pearl enameled dome
That shimmers with an opal light.

And this is winter back again,
Who stalks the land exhaling snow,
And chills the vagrant winds that blow
With frost to etch the window pane.

FRIENDS

I would have friends, let others have the gold;
How pleasant are the words that friends release;
The metal is insentient and cold,
And void of qualities that foster peace.
To dote on hoarded gold would dull my eye
To finer things, to grandeur of the sky,
The rain, and to the rainbow's prismatic glow,
And amber sheen upon the river's flow.
I would have gold, but not the coin of art,
The gold of beauty that the poets know,
The gold of friendship, mintage of the heart.

THE STARS

The stars in beauty throng the field of night,
Noiseless as the lily when it blows,
Each morning bannered with the silver light
And radiant with whiteness of a rose;
While man in wonder lifts his eyes and knows
Although his feet are fashioned of the sod,
His inner heart has eye for seeing God.

NIGHT

The day departs, and shrouded in her veil,
The night brings out the stars, nor makes a sound;
And slowly lifts the moon and spreads her sail
Of silver flame across the sky and ground.
And like a regal queen she rules the sky,
And stills the cares of earth with peaceful sleep,
Which is her symbol of the world on high
Where silence is the rapture of the deep.

NOT A SONNET

The Shakespearean sonnet still remains,
 "Strictly speaking, not a sonnet at all,
 But a poem composed of three quatrains
 And a couplet." The high honor must fall

To Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and
 Sir Philip Sidney, English sonneteers,
 For the form Shakespeare used, which they had planned,
 And introduced as worthy pioneers.

Surpassing strange that Shakespeare never wrote
 The true Italian sonnet, held the pride
 Of classic forms. Strange how he could devote
 His talent to so limited a stride.

He must have known the sonnet's subtle grace
 That gives to Petrarch his immortal place.

SPRING

When spring adorns the universe with gold,
 And walls the sky against the frigid dark,
 And bids return of beauty as of old,
 With breath of rose and melody of lark;
 Then with enchantment I would pause and hark,
 For loveliness I fain would have and hold,
 When with my spirits high I would embark
 Upon a ship of dreams and be consoled.
 And now attuned with creatures everywhere,
 With teeming life released beneath the blue;
 Intrigued with perfume drifting on the air,
 And beauties that allure the mortal view;
 Lo! then in ecstasy my heart would share
 The Paradise of Spring brought forth anew!

OCTOBER

October paints again the autumn scene;
Her palette holds the summer's floral blaze;
With gold and crimson splashes on the green
She banners hill and dale a fiery maze,
And spreads above the fields a purple haze,
That dims the Sun as he descends from view,
And softens his display of fading rays,
Impearling lace that hangs across the blue.
She whitens frost that glitters like the dew,
Prepares for Winter's coming crystal show,
When ice will glaze the earth where leafage grew
With fingered winds that carry sleet and snow.
She rumples clouds with fury of a breeze,
And shakes the beauty from the flaming trees.

A TREE

I saw a tree, an Ozark mountain king,
With pennants flashing in the autumn sky,
The signals for the migrant birds that fly
The southward lanes on buoyant whirl of wing;
A mighty elm that towered above a spring
With gnarly roots unheaved where boulders lie,
A cowl of gold that gleamed with sunset dye,
And leafy arms aflame with shimmering.
I made survey of his great amber breast,
That rose in majesty above a hill;
Beheld the splendor of his sky-flung crest
That crowned the rugged trunk, while staid and still,
The monarch hailed the clouds from his retreat,
With crystal waters purling at his feet.

THE SUN

He comes at dawn and sweeps the night away,
 In golden sandals trips across the sod
 And splashes amber on the leafy rod,
 With rainbow lacquer paints the flowers of May;
 He walks the sea, plucks jewels from the spray,
 Ascends the templed sky where none has trod
 Save he alone in company with God,
 His lances flashing in the gates of day.

His heart is fire, I feel him in my blood,
 I see him giving soul to plant and tree,
 He fills the spring with gaiety and song;
 His strength emerges like a mighty flood,
 And in his arms he holds the world and me,
 Together with the stars his shining throng.

WELCOME SPRING

How welcome spring;
 At dawn a redbird played his flute,
 How welcome spring;
 I saw the flutter of his wing,
 The flaming of his crimson suit;
 Then I stood motionless and mute;
 How welcome spring.

My heart is light;
 The blossom-tide will soon appear,
 My heart is light;
 The rainbow then will span the height;
 It is the borning time of year,
 With Beauty telling spring is here,
 My heart is light.

SPRING

The sky is pearl, the dawn is bright,
 With Winter's arm bereft of might;
 Above the birds are on the wing,
 The trees are tuned with caroling;
 On high the drifting clouds are white.

A wedge of mallards in the height
 Presents the eye a joyous sight,
 The clue of the return of spring;
 The sky is pearl.

The season tempers day and night
 With gleams of gold and silver light,
 And Winter, now the conquered king
 Has yielded throne and everything
 To Beauty, the enchanted sprite;
 The sky is pearl.

IRIS

The iris blooms where only yesterday
 Naught could be seen but cold and barren clay;
 How strange that beauty, destined, can arise
 From soil and make the earth a paradise,
 Apprising all the world that it is May.

The seasons wing along the cosmic way
 As planets make the orbits in their play,
 And every hour is fraught with new surprise;
 The iris blooms.

The air is redolent, a dulcet lay
 Uplifts the heart and is a subtle stay,
 And with a quickening my ears and eyes
 Find rapture nigh forgot of earth and skies;
 And, lost to speech, my leaping pulses say,
 "The iris blooms."

TRUTH

Beyond this strand there is a changless light;
 It is not in the sky or on the land,
Nor does it come and go like day and night;
 Its beauty eye of mortal never scanned.

It is not altered as the days are spanned,
 Nor yields to "Time's all devastating flight;"
But verifies the statement now at hand,
 Beyond this strand there is a changeless light.

It is above Time's scenes of wrong and right,
 It never had beginning, nor was planned;
It is observed by intuition's sight,
 It is not in the sky or on the land.

It is essential force that holds command
 Above the boundless spaces, dim and bright;
By it the rains descend, the winds are fanned,
 Nor does it come and go like day and night.

It is the law of elemental might,
 It is, it was before the earth was manned;
It tints the rose and makes the lily white,
 Its beauty eye of mortal never scanned.

Wrong is negation, when we understand;
 Truth is unchanged when nations rage and fight,
And shall remain inviolate and grand,
 And keep Eternity immune to blight
 Beyond this strand.

APRIL SNOW

The snow like silver ashes fills the air,
The trees don lilies and the earth is white,
And daffodils are covered from the sight
While she who planted them is fraught with care.

Strange silence filters down the pewter stair,
Nor song is heard, nor warblers seen in flight;
The snow like silver ashes fills the air,
The trees don lilies and the earth is white.

Now everything is ermine robed and fair,
And in the silent coming of the night
The windows of the sky are curtained tight,
And velvet darkness settles everywhere;
The snow like silver ashes fills the air,
The trees don lilies and the earth is white.

THE MOON

In the heavens at night
On her pinions of silver,
Is the moon in her flight
In the heavens at night,
And she carries her light
With the grace of a culver,
In the heavens at night
On her pinions of silver.

BLOSSOMS

The blossoms now begin to show
 On every hill that comes to view;
The earth is smiling all aglow.

In lilac, pink and indigo
 We find the same alluring clue;
The blossoms now begin to show.

And some are white as drifted snow
 While others are cerise and blue;
The earth is smiling all aglow.

As showers come and zephyrs blow
 Each dawn is fresh with something new;
The blossoms now begin to show.

The ice is gone, the streamlets flow,
 And beauty gleams in every hue;
The earth is smiling all aglow.

The songs return we used to know
 Where violets and daises grew;
The blossoms now begin to show.
The earth is smiling all aglow.

CARDINAL

The cardinal is caroling,
And well I know
That it is spring;
It matters not
How white the ground,
My ear has caught the bugle sound;
A sound that I have heard before,
And O, I love it
More and more;
A welcome sound
That charms the heart,
Nor heaven knows a sweeter art.

SILVER BALLOON

O the silver balloon
 In the foam of the sky,
I have looked at the moon.

And in lake and lagoon,
 I have seen her go by,
O the silver balloon.

She has silvered the dune
 And has dazzled my eye;
I have looked at the moon.

Both at night and at noon
 I have caught her on high,
O the silver balloon.

From December to June
 She continues to fly;
I have looked at the moon.

What a joy, what a boon
 To the lovers who spy;
O the silver balloon
I have looked at the moon.

SUMMER RAIN

Summer rain curtains dawning
With a sun-jeweled awning.

Prismy gleams of the showers
Tint the cheeks of the flowers;

And a thrush gaily fluting
From a tree is saluting.

Summer weeps, now revealing
Beauty's arc on the ceiling.

BEYOND THE MIRAGE

Beyond the mirage of the cosmical veil
 We vision the realm of Eternity's shore,
Where Truth is the light nor a cloud can assail.

There man can arise from the calm and the gale
 Of earth, on the wings of the soul and explore
Beyond the mirage of the cosmical veil.

And there under God may be gladsome and hale,
 And visit the kingdom where time is no more,
Where Truth is the light nor a cloud can assail.

The joy is inspiring with never a wail,
 But only the lift of a musical score
Beyond the mirage of the cosmical veil.

There beauty excludes every woe nor can fail,
 And war can not come with its shadow of gore,
Where Truth is the light nor a cloud can assail.

There love is the wine that is drunk from the grail,
 And sainted immortals together adore
Beyond the mirage of the cosmical veil,
Where Truth is the light nor a cloud can assail.

MOTHER EARTH

How strange a thing it is to see
 A columbine, a ferny spray,
 A violet beside a tree,
 As vernal beauty dowers May
 With silver night and golden day,
 With grass so short and elm so tall;
 O such is life where mortals stay,
 With earth the mother of us all.

Then, too, we have the honey bee,
 The butterfly, the lark and jay,
 The oriole and chickadee,
 The eagle searching for his prey;
 The donkey with his raucous bray,
 The frog with his nocturnal call,
 The hound that holds the coon at bay,
 With earth the mother of us all.

Of men we have the bond and free
 In all the colors of the clay,
 The midget, giant, by decree,
 Those near at hand and far away;
 The youthful with the old and gray,
 The very great, the very small,
 As types forever on display,
 With earth the mother of us all.

O Prince, I can for this but say,
 From dust we rise, to dust we fall;
 Such is the lot that we portray
 With earth the mother of us all.

POETRY

In poetry we have the flower of speech;
 With perfect English it attains the height;
 Its realm is earth and air and starry beach;
 It soars by flash of intuition's light,
 And keeps aspiring men in joyous flight,
 The portal of eternity its goal,
 Affording verity to awe the sight,
 In which is vintage to inspire the soul.

It seeks for beauty out of mortal reach,
 And gleans the treasures of the day and night;
 Its messages appeal to all and each,
 For they take man above the mortal plight
 To where the gold of truth is ever bright,
 And love of God is ample to control
 The reign of wrong, supplanting it with right,
 In which is vintage to inspire the soul.

Then poetry we highly praise and teach;
 With finest metaphors do we recite
 Its transcendental merit and beseech
 The nations of the earth to join and write,
 And learn of friendship's worth as they indite
 Its holy platitudes, while ages roll,
 Till golden skies succeed the ebon night,
 In which is vintage to inspire the soul.

So, brothers all, together let us fight
 For poetry, and search creation's bowl,
 Till friendship rules the race with sacred might,
 In which is vintage to inspire the soul.

THE EARTH

The earth is dense and wingless, yet she flies;
 She wraps herself in clouds through night and day;
She is the harried hermit of the skies,
 Wind, lightning, thunder, holding her at bay;
 She smiles in spring, so revelous and gay
When April casts the rainbow with the rain;
 She robes herself in blossoms of the May,
And year by year rehearses it again.

The moon disturbs her and the oceans rise,
 The tides roll in, leap heavenward and bray;
The cyclone shocks her with a tense surprise,
 Wind, lightning, thunder holding her at bay,
 And raining frogs and fish where mortals stray
On mountain, foothill and across the plain;
 Yet through it all she never slacks her play,
And year by year rehearses it again.

The sun pours out his fury till she fries
 With summer's drouthy weather holding sway,
Till every gurgling rill and brooklet dries,
 Wind, lightning, thunder holding her at bay,
 With tortured fields becoming barren clay,
Or, better favored, yielding fruit and grain;
 Just from the meed that is she takes her pay,
And year by year rehearses it again.

Envoy

Yet ever prompt, admitting no delay,
Wind, lightning, thunder holding her at bay,
 She clogs with winter, thaws with summer's rain,
And year by year rehearses it again.

PARADISE

When clouds are mountain high,
And the moon is floating by,
 Then transported to the skies,
 I am lost in Paradise.

Nor the moon can I resist
With her fan of colored mist;
 In beholding her disguise
 I am lost in Paradise.

Or if once I lose my way,
When the sky is void of day,
 With the polar star for eyes,
 I am lost in Paradise.

Or when earth is dark with night,
Brook and river silver-white,
 As I search the jewelled skies,
 I am lost in Paradise.

THE SEASONS

Summer days warm the earth,
Flowers bloom, buds unfold,
Thrush and lark sing in mirth,
Skies are blue tinged with gold.

Autumn days ripen grain,
Mellow fruit, paint the trees;
Bite with frost, pearl the rain,
Scatter snow, chill the breeze.

Winter days whiten plain,
Hill and dale, drape the pine,
Boys and girls coast again,
Wild with glee, fit and fine.

PONDERING

As I was pondering
On the return of spring,
 I heard a bugle note;
I looked and saw a king
Of song with folded wing,
 And music was afloat;
The tree was shivering
The singer quivering
 Beneath his crimson coat.

And I forgot the cold;
The sun was bright and bold,
 And flower blossoms woke;
The phlox and marigold
I saw again unfold,
 And beauty rose and spoke.
For magic new and old
Was mine to have and hold
 As tangible as smoke.

I saw the verdant hill,
The dell and gurgling rill,
 The foliage and sod;
I saw the showers spill,
The gullies drink and fill,
 And mortals trudge and plod;
And then it grew so still,
That quickened by the thrill,
 I heard the voice of God.

THE STARS

The stars come out at night,
So regal, coy and still,
And, crowned with silver light,
They throng the cavern hill.

So regal, coy and still,
In order formed by law,
They throng the cavern hill,
And man looks up in awe.

In order formed by law,
They span the dark abyss,
And man looks up in awe,
For God has fashioned this.

They span the dark abyss,
Nor make the slightest sound,
For God has fashioned this,
As well the sea and ground.

Nor make the slightest sound,
For law controls the height,
As well the sea and ground,
The tide of day and night.

For law controls the height
By universal plan,
The tide of day and night,
The mind and heart of man.

Cast from the hand of God,
And crowned with silver light,
Like blossoms from the sod
The stars come out at night.

FIELD OF NIGHT

The stars like daises in the field of night
Are nurtured by the glimmer of the moon,
While earth is flooded by a silver tide,
And every placid pool is filled with stars;
The trees hold up their arms and cast a shade
That mingles with the silver on the ground.

The sky is matched by the enchanted ground,
And Beauty reigns, the princess of the night,
Inweaving strands of silver with the shade,
When earth becomes the patron of the moon,
And every pool is blossoming with stars,
And every river is a silver tide.

Such is the scene when magic is at tide,
Uniting raptures of the sky and ground,
A common heaven lighted with the stars;
Above, beneath, the vast and jewelled night,
The Paradise attended by the moon,
The whiteness of the silver blent with shade.

And O how dismal the unbroken shade
Would be, if moon and stars refused the tide;
O, night could not be borne without the moon
And stars to beautify the sky and ground;
Let me retrieve the grandeur of the night
With the enchantment of the moon and stars.

O, what is life without the moon and stars,
And beauty that they spill to blend with shade;
How dull would it become without the night;
Monotonous would be day's golden tide;
And O, how hot and dry would be the ground
Without the silver of the stars and moon.

So night I never crave without the moon,
Nor treasure it without the jewel-stars;
But I could be content here on the ground,
With silver of the night and ebon shade,
For beauty floats upon their magic tide;
O, how I love the stars and moon and night!

I love the moon that silvers ebon shade;
I love the stars that quiver on the tide;
I love the ground enraptured by the night.

THE UNIVERSE

The universe is but a book;
The wise rejoice to have a look.
Its turning pages are the day and night,
Its pictures are composed of shade and light;
 Though man is slow to learn,
 Its beauties ever burn
To catch and fascinate the eye
As he may scan the earth and sky,
And search beneath the surface for the cause,
Disclosed by nature's fundamental laws.

When dawn is bannered by the sun,
With night departed, day begun,
And clouds like battleships upheave and crash,
Bombarding as the streaks of lightning flash,
 And rain begins to fall
 A glistening crystal wall,
Then through a cleft the golden rays
Escape and penetrate the maze,
And form a spectral arc in polychrome,
The seal of beauty flaming on the dome.

When spring returns with palette, paint and brush
 To tint the flowers,
And set atune the cardinal and thrush
 To thrill the hours,
It gladdens every mortal
Within the earthly portal,
Where loveliness forever we inherit,
If we have ear and eye
For things beneath, on high,
And follow in the pathway of the spirit,
The pathway that is perfect and benign,
And flooded by the light which is divine.

PSYCHOTHEISM

"God is pure spirit"
Affirmation, Realization, Healing

"God is pure spirit," His truth, supernal balm,
The God within, of healing, peace and calm,
Pervading time, eternity, and all,
Creating worlds and creatures, great and small,
By process infinitely adequate,
Beginningless, and interminate;
He can in nowise work a miracle,
But rules by law, abstract, inviolable,
Therefore He is not moved by man's request
To stay the law, or set the facts at rest,
But giveth ear to questions, being sought,
And answers through the potent tongue of thought,
Advancing step by step the human race
That nobler works the cruder shall replace.
"God is pure spirit," His truth, supernal balm,
The God within, of healing, peace and calm,
Of brotherhood, the source and destiny,
Committing time unto eternity;
Nor wrath nor vengeance toward humanity
Could exercise His high divinity;
Nor can a soul abscond from His embrace
For He imbounds the universal space;
Nor can a single soul in Him decline,
Since He is God, and every soul divine.
Though human flesh may blindly go astray,
The soul from Him can never fall away,
For God, the source, could issue forth no loss,
His concepts can but be immune to dross.

"God is pure spirit," His truth, supernal balm,
The God within, of healing, peace and calm,
Who marshals forth create diversity
From out the province of infinity;
Fashions yonder labyrinthian dome
As cradle and reverting catacomb;
Gilds the sun to be the lamp of day,
Lights the stars, adorns the milky-way;
Hurls the planets circling into space,
Ordains the earth as man's abiding place;
Sprays the limpid waters from the clouds
To wake the myriad seeds the earth enshrouds;
Carpets earth with freshened vernal sod
And plies his hand where poppies blow and nod;
Strides amid the bowers where roses bloom,
Coils the calla lily's snowy plume;
Strews the violets beneath our feet
And stirs the zephyrs, odorous and sweet;
By prescience flavors apple, peach and pear
And purples bush and vine with luscious fare;
Molds the golden grain the harvests yield
From chemic soil mixed in His fertile field;
Flies with fowl, with fishes swims the deep,
Provideth for the cattle and the sheep;
Weaves for man the tissues of the flesh,
Drives the blood through capillary mesh;
Keys the brain, the organ of the mind,
Kindles thought, enlightening the blind;
Easeth pain, and healeth dire disease
When man's alignment meeteth his decrees;
Giveth peace unto the yearning soul
When man is tuned with His divine control;
He reigneth by eternal sovereignty
Unswerving through infallibility;
He is life, within, beneath, above,
Potentate on high, archetype of love;
Divine monitor, eternal light,
Author and executor of right;
He is the God in whom all souls have being,
He is the God from whom all minds have seeing;
He is supreme, His truth, supernal balm,
The God within, of healing, peace and calm.

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Golden Bridle Poetry

Collaborators

BOOK OF POEMS

How like a book
Of poems,
Does a garden look,
Where the hollyhock in bonnet
Is the stately sonnet;
Daffodils and jonquils,
The rondeaus and rondels.
A bed of blue eyed violets,
The rondelets and triolets.
Canterbury bells,
The villanelles;
Breeze kissed roses as they nod,
The intricate ballade.
Oriental poppies in bloom,
The interlaced pantoum.
Water lily, petaled bubble,
Rondeau redouble.
Dahlias jeweled with rain,
Ballade a double refrain.
Tulips drenched with gold of May,
Kyrielle and virelay.
Varicolored verbena,
The iridescent sestina.
Lupines plumed in wild abode,
The Pindaric ode.
Bouquets of beauty clustered,
Mosaics and pennants lustered.
Poetry is the bower
Of English in flower.

INDIAN SUMMER

The Indian reigns in hazy plight,
The spicy breeze confers delight
 As happy children skip and sing
 And listen to the school bell ring,
With Time observed in endless flight.

From lanes that thread the azure height
The birds come down without affright
 Content with nature's offering.
 The Indian reigns.

The earth is gay, the sky is bright;
The dye-pots his by primal right,
 His brush has touched most every thing,
 Splashed here and there, as poets sing
Of his great work, wrought day and night.
 The Indian reigns.

OZARK RETREAT

Tall maples
Dressed in red,
Wave their arms
To flaming zinnias
Across the scarlet
Salvia bed.
Along the creek's edge,
Crimson sumacs bow
To the sycamores
That look down
In rippling waters,
Where crawfish hide
Beneath the pebbles;
And there
The sun-perch
Dart in and out;
All this is but
Nature running riot.

—*Nellie Amos*

FINGER LAKES IN AUTUMN

Surrounding beauty
Means so much to me.
Our log cabin
Is on the East bank
Of Lake Seneca,
One of the largest
Of the Finger Lakes.
The sunsets are glorious!
Today the water is rough;
The sun playing
On the rippling waves
Causes them to sparkle
Like diamonds.
All Nature seems in tune.
The woods at the rear
Of the cabin
Are aflame with gorgeous hues.
The trees are donning
Their autumnal garb.
Soon, all too soon,
They will be dressed
In tailored suits of gray.

AUTUMNAL ARTIST

The autumnal artist paints
An oak in deepest red.
Maples henna or golden.
The sage in brightest crimson;
While here and there
A bush is yellow-tinted.
Berries of bitter-sweet
With orange glow.
Even the fir
Attains a varied
Shade of green,
So skillful is
The artist.

—*Katherine S. Baker*

SONG OF THE SEA

How plaintive are the voices of the sea!
Like dreams of love, or friends of long ago
The restless waves that wander to and fro
Arise and cease to be.

How varied are the movements of the sea!
Like moods of joy or sadness in the heart,
Tides ebb and flow and silently depart
To shores of memory.

How mighty is the music of the sea!
Above the clamor of discordant Time
Its harmony eternal and sublime
Is God's great symphony.

SUNSET

When I am gone, will those I love recall
A voice now silent? Will the afterglow
Of memory like golden twilight fall
Upon the treasured hours of long ago?

Life is a changing scene; the tie that binds
A tender leaf upon a summering tree,
A blossom, scattered by autumnal winds,
A wave, soon lost on the eternal sea.

Bright be the sunset, when the day is done!
And may the wanderer, struggling on alone,
Find home-lights burning as he comes to One
Who evermore is mindful of his own.

SOLITUDE

Softly awakes in heaven's blue dreamland now
The evening star.
And stillness hovers over bush and bough,
Near and far.
The golden moon ascends beyond a knoll
So tenderly—
Oh, for the presence of some kindred soul
To dream with me.

—*Andreas Bard*

MOTHER

Your valiant spirit lifts on dauntless wings,
And from the meadows of the skies
You pluck the stars to light
My way. Your hand
In mine
You twine,
And bid me stand
Upon the cloudless height
To picture with enraptured eyes
Beyond the Winters' snows returning Springs
When in green-misted lanes the bluebird sings.
Sweet and mingled odors rise
Where you traverse a bright
Enchanted land.
With fine
Heart's wine
Your songs expand
And bear me high, to sight
The open gates of Paradise.
Your valiant spirit lifts on dauntless wings!

EARTH'S SERENADE

Countless the songs of the earth as it swings,
Infinite chords as the universe sings!
Whisper of grasses astir when the day
Brushes the sky with a crimsoning ray.
Cadence of zephyrs when shadows are deep,
Wafting the world to the portals of sleep;
Paeans of gladness from wakening lands;
Rushing of waters on tremulous sands;
Murmur of meadows that bask in the sun;
Shrill of cicadas ere summer is done;
Rhythm of tides as they ceaselessly flow;
Scudding of clouds over blankets of snow.
Minstrels of nature are plying their art!
Earth serenades at the gates of the heart!

—Elizabeth E. Barnes

AURORA

O goddess of morning, you rise from the hill
And banish the shadows
That darken the sky;
The whispering leaves
Of the forest are still,
Awaiting the breath of your wakening sigh
Your mantle is mingled with multiple rays
That crimson the luminous
Folds of the dawn,
Dispelling the lingering
Phantoms of haze,
And draping the heavens with gossamer lawn.
The sun is your regent, the ruler of day,
Your kingdom is governed
With sceptors of flame;
You pilot the rainbow
Through billows of spray
And celebrate beauty with regal acclaim.

HILLS AT EVENTIDE

A strange enchantment
Clothes the hills at eventide
When shades of darkness slowly fall
Across the rugged canyon wall.

Their silent beauty
Fills my soul with reverence,
Their wordless grandeur ever speaks
The majesty of muted peaks.

With shrouded fingers
Night has touched the yucca bloom,
And left a trail of smoky haze
Along the winding trafficways.

A bold invader
Rolls in from the distant bay,
And starry lights are twinkling on
The city's veiling of chiffon.

—*Emma Louise Baugh*

I WILL WRITE

I will write of the sun,
A ball of gold,
Of its warmth as the days
Of spring unfold.

I will write of the moon,
So clear and bright,
As it sails with the stars
Across the night.

I will write of the trees
So straight and tall,
As they sing in the wind
A song for all.

I will write of the flowers
Dressed so gay,
Of the rain and the arc
In grand display.

I will write of the God
Of earth and sky,
And the beauties that bear
My soul on high.

DEW DROPS

Sparkling little dew drops
Smiling in the sun,
Rainbow colors dancing
Over every one.

Spider-web so dainty
Set with pearls of dew,
As the sun is trailing
Gold across the blue.

BEAUTY'S SHRINE

The morning
Full of hope and joy,
Our minds and hands
We should employ.

The earth,
A haven so divine
With beauty,
Is a sacred shrine.

—Mrs. Alice Brown

AMERICAN INDIAN

His footprints lost in dust of ages past,
The racial spirit still is on the throne.
But now, he finds himself almost alone,
A symbol in the bronze of history, cast
In crucibles of time, yet holding fast
Traditions that are dearest to his own.
He did no wrong: not he who must atone,
But they did wrong who hurled the leaden blast.

His native hunting grounds are upturned fields,
His woodland haunts are homes for other folk,
No more his feathered arrow's piercing dart
Will find its prey. All this he sadly yields
When from the council fire the pungent smoke
Becomes a spear that daggers through his heart.

—*Ernest Noble Brown*

THE MASTERPIECE

The world is like a symphony of souls!
And each soul takes the place allotted him
Near the Master or in the outer rim.
His place is given, he chooses not his goals,
But as he plays, his part to him unrolls.
He may interpret thunder loud and grim,
Or give a vision of the Cherubim
In ecstasy as all the world extols.

And though one life sounds a triumphant note,
While blighting discords many others play
With vast unhappiness and misery,
All parts are needed to the One who wrote
This Masterpiece before our little day,
Though indistinct to us its harmony.

—*Viola Wilson Brown*

LINCOLN

Beside the Sangamon arose
 A giant, strange, uncouth;
His head among the stars of hope,
 His feet on rocks of truth.

The travails of his country's past
 Were shadowed in his face,
And on his shoulders, bent from toil,
 The burdens of a race.

The Nation rocked upon its walls;
 All heard his warning voice:
"The house divided cannot stand;
 "Hold fast. You have no choice!"

Through storms of hate, through blood and death
 He led the fearful strife.
O brothers mine, he saved *the house*;
 Then pledged it with his life.

*(Awarded the New York World's Fair medal, June, 1939, by the
National Poetry Center, New York.)*

CHINA BLUE

"Create me a color," the Emperor said,
"Compound it from pigment free of stain
"And deeply blue, like a summer sky
"As it breaks through cloud-banks after rain."

Then artists assembled with brushes and paints;
They gazed and painted, as ordered to do,
Till they captured the tone of a storm washed sky;
And we marvel and call it "*China Blue*."

"May I live my life," a young heart cried,
"As pure as the sky of stainless hue
"When washed by rain of a summer shower,
"That men shall honor and call me true."

He struggled along in clouds and rain,
And he caught the beauty of China Blue;
Then out of his soul it smiled on men,
Like a summer sky when storms are through.

—Marvin F. Butler

DAWN

When the morning was coming away from the night,
And the trees were encased in a volume of light
That was soft as a silky cocoon,
Then I stood on a hill with the valley below
Where the mists of the night were reluctant to go,
And my soul was elate and in tune.

SPRING BEAUTY

The lily's snowy beauty stirs my heart,
Its banner raised to greet the Spring.
The bees, emerging, meet
A freshened lea;
The lake
Will take
The graying sea
Of sky where clouds retreat,
And with the breathing zephyrs swing,
When, soft as falling tears, the raindrops start.
Where pussy willows break their bonds apart,
And leafing vines in beauty cling,
The violet, and sweet
Anemone
Awake
And make
Ahead of me
A path for pilgrim feet,
That I may seek a song and sing—
The lily's snowy beauty stirs my heart.

—Ada Newton Campbell

SPRING IN MISSOURI

When Springtime clothes anew Missouri hills,
The loveliness is like a bride's
Trousseau of silk and lace;
I see her veil
Gem kissed,
With mist
Along the trail
That winds with virgin grace.
Out where each modest flower hides,
Out past the dancing brook of rainbow rills
That sings again the songs the Frost King stills,
Until the rain-clad bridegroom rides
His steed with frenzied pace
In jeweled mail;
His wrist
And fist
The sabered gale
That speeds the bridal race;
New robes of beauty God provides,
When Springtime clothes anew, Missouri hills.

PAGEANTRY

The world is old, her ancient glory dead.
A tattered pageant passes in review,
Colors the pages that record the new;
A proud king wears the crown upon his head,
And crimson velvet robes his form, instead
Of faded glory of the cherished few
That lived above the rabble's cry and hue;
Our destiny lies in today; we wed
Its cares, and pledge our everlasting trust
In worthwhile things that lasted through the past,
Patience, love and beauty, our stars of light,
No crumbling dust, no vile decay or rust
Shall dim their shining glory; they shall last;
The pageantry moves on; the years take flight.

—Margery Carr

SEPTEMBER

September, a lover unmindful of care,
Is courted by Summer, a rose in her hair,
A maiden whose fame
As a beauty is known
From seas of the north
To the southernmost zone;
But Autumn in jealousy
Seeks to beguile
September with wine and a vagabond's smile.
Forgetful of Summer and all of her grace,
September is charmed
By a mischievous face.
So Summer departs
With a silent farewell
As winds are lamenting
The sound of her knell;
And Autumn in joy of a victory won
Is flaunting her vestures anew in the sun.

UPON A HILL

I stand upon a hill and watch the play
Of twinkling city lights. The red and white,
Then blue against the fast approaching night.
Illumined clouds, a remnant arc of day,
Are rose and purple from the final ray
Of sun's reflected glow; and from her height
The moon extends a path of silver light
As she begins to wend her mystic way.
This twilight hour of poignant beauty holds
The joy of day and calm of night combined
In one, a world enthralled in mystery,
As evening's shadows blend and night enfolds
The day. In stillness here, my soul shall find
A sense of peace in night's serenity.

—*Marian E. Comstock*

MEMORY

O Memory, true to your trust you have stored
From sunshine and shadow and nighttimes of peace,
Of radiant beauty, a bounteous hoard.
You captured a cloud with a silvery fleece,
A lingering sunbeam that played on a wall,
And deep in a forest with whispering sounds
You measured a pine that was stately and tall.
You strolled through a pasture where clover abounds.
You listened to wind as it rustled the leaves
And followed a wandering path up a hill.
You gathered the snowflakes that fell on my sleeves
One night when the earth was so beautifully still.
O Memory! Deep in your treasury lie
The beauties of ocean, of earth, and of sky.

REFLECTION

Oh, crystal pool, in limpid depths you show
A beauty that is now so calm and still,
But at the dawn the golden sunlight will
Transform your lucid face with rosy glow.
You tell the seasons as they come and go;
The summer green and autumn gold will fill
Your lovely face, each one in turn, until
You gather up the falling flakes of snow.
Oh, crystal pool, you are so much like Life.
If I look down at you with cheerless gaze
Or hate, your depths reflect the frown of strife,
But if I smile at you, on your face plays,
In glad and just return, a smile for me.
Like Life, you ever mirror what you see.

—Jane Dale

DUNES

For many miles the brown dunes run away,
Like paper children clinging hand in hand;
The light breeze lifting skirts of amber sand
That restless feet may dabble in the bay.
They are not young but actors in a play . . .
A string of puppets dancing to command;
Forever changing face, now grave, now bland,
Forever saying lines, now sad, now gay.

One summer night within a breathless hush,
I watched the stage of shifting scenery;
The western sky was hung with ruby plush
That fell in gorgeous lengths upon the sea.
And then— I saw the moving hand of God—
The dunes grew still while little winds were shod.

POETIC WORDS

Poetic words are free from care,
And artfully as unaware
As swallows in a graceful flight
Against the blue of coming night
That trembles in the upper air.

I would not set a sturdy snare
For loveliness that must declare
Its varied hues in erudite
Poetic words,

But like the swallows, I shall dare
To skim the starry pathways, where
Bright beauty calls me to ignite
My fagot at her pristine light,
That I may find and haply share
Poetic words.

—*Florence Holt Davison*

SONG OF THE SHOOTING STAR

Swift are my wings through the black of the sky,
Passing the moon
As she floats there on high,
Mocking her languor and flashing on by.
Over the ocean whose waves are afire,
Breakers of silver
In regal attire
Adding their song to the heavenly choir.
Down through the shadows of forests to meet
Mountains or valleys
Awaiting my feet,
Stirring the winds in my rushing retreat.
Spawn of the planets, I streak through the night,
Swift as a javelin
To vanish from sight,
Trailing a glittering streamer of light.

THE POET'S PEN

No human pen is his,
But with diamond point
Dipped in the blood of beauty
He traces lines of light
Across the scroll of life.

MANDARIN OF THE SKY

In the velvet pagoda
Sprayed with a thousand stars,
The harvest moon
Broods like a yellow mandarin
Over streams of dancing quicksilver
That splash on shadowed rocks.

WINTER MUSIC

Then the willow trees
Like silver ribbons of ice
Play their tinkling tunes.

—*Marjorie Denham*

SONG OF A BLIND GIRL

Do not pity me in my darkness,
My day will never seem long,
Though I shall not see the sunset,
My words make a lovely song.
I heard the meadow lark carol,
Though my sight held no tilted wing,
To you he was only a brown bird,
You did not wait to hear him sing.

CAPTIVE

A bird that was tiny and golden
Sang in his cage all day,
His song was bright as the morning,
Then spring came by one day,
A soft breeze stole through the window
And ruffled his satiny throat,
He beat the bars of his prison
And sang a strange wild note.

SONG OF PAN

I heard a song at dawning,
A song more clear and sweet
Than ever a bird has uttered,
And in my dim retreat
I held my breath in silence
As flute-notes rose and fell;
Was it the God, Pan, piping
Within some shady dell?
—*Nina Diehl*

SONNET

A sonnet is a lyric melody,
 A whisper that enchants the poet's soul,
 A muted echo of the ocean's roll,
With ebbing waters flowing to the sea.
A sacred message from eternity,
 A voice in unison with truth, the whole,
 A breath of thought within divine control,
A web of words expressing verity.

A sonnet is a flash of beauty caught,
 A sense of truth with its prismatic light,
 Revealing sanctuary from above,
The common heritage of peaceful thought,
 Involving every principle of right,
 The fuel for the altar fires of love.

AUTUMN MAGIC

September paints an Autumn scene
When red and gold supplant the green.

The sky is like a copper bowl
Through which the clouds of silver stroll.

And bannered earth is set afloat
On beauty's tide, a magic boat.

A silver cord of stars is strung
Like lanterns when the night is young.

POSSESSION

The treasure of the mind is reason;
The perfume of the heart is love;
The voice of fulfillment is life.
When cause, substance and law unite,
There is completeness expressed—
The Sabbath Day of experience.

—*Lillian Turner Findlay*

GOD LOVES US ALL

God loves us all. Indeed we should
Do anything on earth we could,
 To banish slaughter, lessen pain,
 And never shed man's blood again,
For He who gave us life and food
Intended world wide brotherhood.

Before time was, He understood
The need of love to make man good;
 If love would wax then war would wane
 God loves us all.

If every subject of His would
Accept the challenge He bestowed,
 "Love each and all," we might attain
 A state where peace on earth would reign.
 God loves us all.

GOOD MORNING

The sun yawns above the horizon,
Reaching forth his warm old hands
As he smiles, "Good morning,"
Greeting the world with another day.

THE ROAD HOME

There are
Many highways
Of beauty and allure,
But none can compare to the road
Toward home.

STAR CHILD

Once I saw a star
Skipping through the Milky Way
Like a playful child.
 —*Viola Gardner*

JEWELS

(To J. M. S.)

What joy to meet with him who loves a tree,
That flings its leafy banners to the sky;
Who sees in nature all the things I see,
And sings its praises to the stars on high;
Who loves to ramble down a winding lane,
Commune with forest, bird and mountain stream,
Watch raindrops trickle down a window pane;
At length, to mould them in a glorious theme;
Then from the jewels of his lovely thought,
Each polished gem emerges into light,
That sparkles in the verses he has wrought,
Elucidating them— to our delight;
This treasure chest of jewels, rich and rare,
He brought to us tonight, that we might share.

—*Marie Emery George*

FROM THE PULLMAN WINDOW

A glistening hoar frost covered all the land;
The sun, new-risen, for a moment paused,
Between the earth and over-hanging clouds,
And laid a golden path across the plain.

—*Francis Crary George*

WHO HAS KNOWN

Who has known happiness more rare,
Than spring wind blowing through his hair;
Or felt a human touch more sweet
Than green grass to his truant feet?
What is more gracious to the eye
Than red-bird's flight across blue sky?
Who can walk the Mother-sod
And not find there his Father, God.

—*Barbara Crary George*

UNDER POLYNESIAN SKIES

Samoans, under native skies— they knew
The clasp of circling hills.
The glory of a land
Where moonlit bowers
Delight
The night
With carefree hours,
Unchained by Beauty's hand.
The magic by which darkness spills
A balm upon the four winds fresh with dew,
Caught from the South seas seven bowls of blue.
What threads the twig with gems and fills
The lily's cup. Whose hand
Paints all the flowers.
Whose sight
And might
And beauty towers—
Who whispers on the sand . . .
A wedding ring of mountains thrills
Samoans under native skies they knew!

OUTDOOR WORSHIP

God carved a mighty roof above our way—
A wall-less temple for all time,
And sent the birds to sing by day,
By night He set a million throats to rhyme.
He curved the sky and made it sacred blue,
And made of Earth an altar shrine;
By night star-candles burn for you,
By day He bids one altar light to shine.
Here benedictions grow like sacred myrrh,
And as I pause while breezes pass,
The droning honey bees bestir
The scent of blossoms in the orchard grass.

—*Eris Goff*

MY HERO

He built upon a rock instead of sand,
A structure to endure the storm and tide;
Through all of his tomorrows to abide,
Though not alone, for in the scheme he planned
To leave some open doors at Love's command,
To welcome angels who were come to guide
The path, and with the lamp of Truth provide
The way to see, and hear, and understand.

He listens for the still, small voice within;
His Ship of Hope is anchored in the bay,
Pacific waters fill the space between.
Some time at eve his journey will begin;
Is ready for the voyage any day;
His conscience and his heart and hands are clean.

AT DAY-BREAK

I wake to find the city sleeping, still,
And feel that I am in the world alone.
A twinkling star above the wooded hill
Makes me remember God is on His throne.
The earth has kept its silence through the night,
But now there is a promise of the dawn
In that faint tinge of red and yellow light,
Which deepens till the shades of night are gone.
Much like a cameo, the paling moon
Against the western sky still shows above
The blue horizon. Morning breaks, and soon
The eastern sky will show the smile of love.
The King of Glory smiles upon the morn;
Another hope— another day is born.

—*Hope Hargrave*

VIOLIN

(This is dedicated to my husband, Dale Hartman.)

You hold the spring's quickened spirit,
The radiant joy of summer's
Vast fulfillment;
The gentle, gold-toned murmur
Of an autumn day;
The sure serenity of winter's
White-flung mystery.
You capture the rhythm,
The great, deep longing, of distant seas;
The voice of yearning,
Sounding from far, misty plains;
Triumphant songs of forests;
The calm of star-studded desert skies.
You imprison the drifting lyrics
Of singing streams.
The will of unconquered winds;
The ballads of birds' high, sweet songs;
The loveliness of children's
Happy laughter;
You tell of life . . . heart-hunger . . .
Hopes . . . unuttered love . . .
Humanity's frail flickering dreams . . .
And— on the altar of four strings
You place the voice of centuries,
Oh violin!

I SEARCHED FOR GOD

I looked for God beyond the sea,
But found Him close in a hill-grown tree.
I once thought God afar— remote,
But heard his voice in a bluebird's throat.
I searched for God from dawn till day's end,
But found Him in the heart of a friend.

—Violet Thomas Hartman

MY VALLEY HOME

Three stately hills surround my valley home
Whose rugged arms embrace the aged logs
Made green and spongy by a thousand fogs.
A brook leaps from a knoll's green-crested dome
And jumps and twists through leafy mold and loam;
When flushed it routs the funny polywogs
That harbor in the puddles of the bogs,
Then dashes off through whirlpools of cool foam.

And, as I sing a simple mountain lay,
Contentment dwells within my heart. At night
The sleepless brook will croon its song to me
And I shall know it will stand guard till day
Puts on her crisp new dress of golden light,
And spreads her fan of gleaming pageantry.

FROST PIXIE

A pixie scattered frost-dust on each bloom,
She wove a sparkling cover on her loom;
All night she flitted here and there in haste,
Not one small downy crystal went to waste;
She danced from plant to plant in sheer delight
And covered every leaf with starry white;
When morning came and spread its mellow gleam,
Frost Pixie quickly vanished like a dream.

—Emily K. Har

SPRING DAWN

I roamed among the verdant hills of spring
And saw a flame of blue take life and sing
I saw the sun in robes
Of gold and red,
And greeted him
As on his way he sped.
And roundelays were floating on the breeze
From feathered throats that bugled in the trees.
Sweet plum had spread
Her perfume on the air
When dawn had raised
Aloft a golden stair.
I strolled across the hills through Nature's bowers,
And found the realm where inspiration flowers.

HARBINGER

This morning I woke as a redbird was singing,
And glistening whiteness was thick on the ground;
The joy of it thrilled me to rapturous winging,
And life seemed to wake with a leap and a bound.
The sun was so brilliant that care was in hiding,
And crystals were glistening under the sun;
In beautiful rhythm the wind was presiding
Proclaiming aloud that the spring had begun.
How strange that a bird in the maple was singing,
The world with the spirit of love to endow,
His paean of morning so valiantly ringing,
While Winter to Spring made a revelous bow.

—*Lucy W. House*

MYSTERIOUS NIGHT

The glamorous moon is ungloved like a thumb
Protruding half darkened a little off plum,
But holding the palette
Of dusk in the sky,
Where evening is mixing
A luminous dye,
To blaze in the purple and soften the gray
Of shadowy screens from the haze of the day.
The brush is of lightning,
The thunder applause
From forces unseen,
And they sponsor the cause.
She fashions her smock from the gossamer dusk
That scatters the fragrance of heavenly musk.
With veiling of darkness
She covers the scars,
On canvas of ether
As lighted by Mars.
She spangles the dipper with silvery light,
The painter of beauty, mysterious Night.

TO A ROSE

Beautiful rose
With your perfume and lace
Spreading your loveliness
Over the place,

Opening lips
Like a chalice at dawn
Pouring out love
When the shadows are gone.

Swaying with winds
That are marching along,
Fevered with voice
Like the lilt of a song.

—*Ann T. Hughes*

GRAND CANYON

When morning comes on wings of golden light
Reflecting colors over crumbling shale
In varied hues, some vivid, others pale,
The shrine of ages flames, as Time in flight
Portrays to man an awe inspiring sight.
The Colorado winding through the dale
Looks skyward through her rainbow misty veil
Revealing God in His majestic might.

This mass of beauty, painted by God's hand
Is but Time's record on a granite page,
When scenes evolve and change by cosmic birth
Beneath the azure dome that roofs the land;
Thus is this mighty shrine defying age,
The signature of God upon the earth.

SPRING

Spring unfolds
Her carpet
Of green velvet
Patterned
With gay flowers.
Rain spills
From the sky
And dances
With nimble feet
Upon her plush covered mall;
Song-birds
Give her gladness;
Day sprinkles sun-beams
Over her leafy head
And night
Pours star-dust
Into her earthly bed.

—Maude Lee Immele

GOD'S DWELLING PLACE

God's dwelling place is not alone in churches,
I have heard Him in the whispering of trees,
I have felt Him in the soft caress of raindrops
And sensed Him in the sighing of the breeze.

Omnipotence is not confined to limits
Bounded by walls nor seated on a throne;
His glory shines in every ray of sunshine
And in the storm He makes His power known.

All nature vies to prove to us His realness
Yet, there are those who have no eyes to see;
And many walk in darkness, never learning
That where man lives in love, there God will be.

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death;
As long as buds awake in spring,
There is no death.
I stand in awe with bated breath
Before the rebirth May will bring;
As long as birds return to sing,
There is no death.

Love cannot die;
Though strife and hatred fill the land,
Love cannot die.
While now we hear man's battle cry,
Yet, fashioned by an Unseen Hand,
These words are written on Life's sand;
Love cannot die.

There is no death;
Lift up your heads, no longer cower;
There is no death.
Borne on the zephyr's perfumed breath,
Seen in the face of every flower,
Assurance grows each passing hour;
There is no death.

—Gladys Lawler

SEA GULLS

The waters were roaring and splashing,
With billows approaching
The sky,
The foam
Of the ocean was bubbling,
While sea gulls were winging on high;
And over the rough of the water
They circled and dipped
To and fro,
And out
In the distance they wafted
Like butterflies feathered with snow.

ROSES

The roses now that bloom and sway,
Are very dear
To me;
As lovely
As can be;
They nod when merry breezes play,
And blush and smile the livelong day,
And when
The oriole,
Is piping
Heart and soul,
The roses dance the roundelay.

AUTUMN MORNING

Pink clouds
In the blue sky,
Beauty
Painted by God.
Brown leaves
On the ground
Where worshipers plod.

—*Mary Elizabeth Magnenat*

MY LOCKET

When looking through a box of little things
I came upon some treasures that were old,
A golden oval carried me on wings
From past to present, waking dreams untold;
A tarnished locket hung upon a chain,
My father's gift of many years ago,
A symbol that recalled a love's refrain
And I am living in its afterglow.
A girl's bright face, within a golden frame,
And facing it, a boy who wears a smile,
That old refrain has kept our hearts the same,
And we are blessed with gladness all the while,
My treasured locket is a thing divine,
For he is framed in circled love of mine.

SNOW FLOWERS

The frost King
Hovers,
And with snow
Flowers,
The flakes fling
Covers,
While winds blow
Showers
Of white,
From heaven's
Towers.

—*Ethel Mahar*

APARTMENT HOME

My home is sweet. When weary from the day
I come to it for rest and peace, or play.

 In simple beauty there, repose is found;

 A healing balm (when world's harsh wounds abound)
Which calls forth joy and gives content full sway.

The potted plants, the books, and copper tray,
These things allure me, and my heart is gay:

 And other bits of art, with some renowned;

 My home is sweet.

The size is small; "Four walls, a home?" you say?
"Four walls" and "all alone" are false dismay.

 Reclining there, I see for miles around

 And hear my British neighbor's voice resound.

A million friends all comfort in some way.

 My home is sweet.

CALLERS

A tiny yellow leaf
Blew in my car,
Rested on my arm awhile
And flitted on afar.

A gay young niece
In transit, came
To eat and sleep
And plead her claim.

Whether leaf or niece
The joy of it all
Is to know that
Love and Beauty
Paid a call.

—Margaret E. McCaul

BEAUTIFUL SANGRE DE CHRISTO

Rosy tints at dawn,
Crimson lights at sunset,
Ghostlike shrouds at night,
Masterpiece of Nature.

The sun in its splendor at dawning creeps high,
Snow covered cliffs hold their arms to the sky,
Reaching for eagles that loftily fly
Over the Sangre De Christo.

Rugged peaks above the pines
Robed eternally in snow,
Mingle with the drifting clouds,
Masterpiece of Nature.

Enraptured I stand in the valley and gaze
As peaks rise majestically through purple haze,
Leaving a memory to last all my days,
Of beautiful Sangre De Christo.

Nightly shadows fall,
Sheep herders' lights appear
Like distant tremulous stars,
Masterpiece of Nature.

When the sun sinks low in the west,
Vivid rays reach over the crest,
Leaving peace and quiet and rest,
Over beautiful Sangre De Christo.

Rosy tints at dawn,
Crimson lights at sunset,
Ghostlike shrouds at night,
Masterpiece of Nature.

A TRANSFORMATION

Red roof,
And green shutters,
With geraniums blooming,
Turned a little white house into
A home.

—*Nelle McGinnis*

WILLOW GROVE

Gray dawn of day! Caroling like a lark
Corot surprises Morning, and he sees
Her gowned in tinted skies of blue with dark
And pearly greys, and through the willow trees,
The tender twilight softly filtering;
Brief moment of such loveliness at morn
Translated into form and tone of spring—
And "Willow Grove," a masterpiece, is born.
Quiet in the gallery it hangs, yet one
Is drawn by delicate simplicity
To the still coolness of a day begun
With throbbing life and rare felicity.
Thus will it ever be with a Corot
Though all around it vivid colors glow.

("Willow Grove," by Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, 1796 —
1875, hangs in the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of
Art, Kansas City.)

LOVE IS CALLING

Silently over the hills
Twilight's soft mantle is falling;
Love, like the song of a bird,
Is calling . . . calling . . . calling . . .

Quietly now comes the night,
Hope and tranquility bringing;
My heart, rising up as a bird,
Is singing . . . singing . . . singing . . .

STARS *

The eyes
Of young lovers
Illumine their faces as stars
Light the heavens
Of night.

*—Pentain, an original form.

—*Florence McKean*

PLUM TREE

The plum tree leaned over the arbor
And shook out her ruching of white,
She sighed and her breath was sweeter
Than jasmine blooming at night.

Her perfumed and delicate beauty
Was etched in the sunset's glow,
And it gleamed in the silver moonlight
As fair as a carved cameo.

The lace of her filmy garments
Was rarer than old brocade,
And patterned into my living
Is the grace of the picture she made.

SILVER NIGHT

The moon lies silvered in a pool
Where silver waters sleep;
A silver willow's long arms droop
As silver grasses kneel.
A night bird sings a silver note
And cool, sweet dewdrops gleam
Like silver stars from heaven's dome,
Night stays on silver feet.

NORTHWARD FLIGHT

Migrant birds are winging over land and sea,
Muted voices ringing distant, wild and free.

Eager wings are beating through the sea of air,
Valiant calls repeating in the silver glare.

Geese and mallards flying in a trackless waste,
Out of night their crying bids the summer haste.

—*Alice Snively Miller*

A MOUNTAIN SNOW STORM

The day seems haunted by the breath of Spring,
And gray November folds her somber wing.
The clouds that float above
So light and free,
Are flecks of foam
Upon a turquoise sea,
When suddenly with cries that rend the air,
The North-wind rushes from his wintry lair.
His icy fingers
Chill the sunny blue
And veil the range
With mists of leaden hue.
With lusty breath he rends the clouds in twain
And spills their silver chaff on hill and plain.
In swirling, blinding eddies
Through the night,
He blows the shining flakes
In drifts of white,
And beauty searching fingers of the Sun
Reveal at morn that winter has begun.

MOON VALLEY

A giant moonstone set in ebony,
The valley gleams
In the clasp of the mountains.
Moon lances pierce the fir trees
And fall like silver ingots on the valley floor.
A waterfall drips quicksilver
Where willows trail silver laces
In the shadow-haunted lake.
The village steeple becomes a shaft of pearl,
The townspeople, gilded marionettes
Moving to and fro.
Shimmering horseless chariots flash by
On moon-paved highways.

—Grace L. Morgan

A DAY SHALL COME

From bitter storm and shadow
From war's hate-nourished spawn,
With raiment white and glistening
Tomorrow's world shall dawn.

Supernal song shall murmur
Along the ways of men,
Untrammelled by the voice of sage
Nor framed by puny pen.

The humblest soul shall charter
The common use of wings,
Unfettered Truth with shining brow
Strike off the curse of things.

And men shall seek invention
Beyond the utmost dream
Of this hour's yearning hope to sound
The elements that seem.

But in that bright tomorrow
Almighty Law shall bend
The journey back from proud design
To living's upright end,

And proof be great that conquest
Is not by human will,
But in subduing carnal self,
A triumph high and still.

Democracy unshackled,
Shall bid confusion cease—
Shall flourish in the hearts that know
A brotherhood of peace.

Tomorrow's world shall gather
Its legions everywhere,
And teach them ancient happiness,
The loving Father's care.

—*Maude De Verse Newton*

THANKSGIVING DAY

The glory of the autumn time is past;
Its dear enchantment, though, will ever last.
The magic of its dawn— a thing apart—
Like sunset's evening glow still fills the heart:
The wilderness and solitary place,
Lone field and blooming stretch of distant space,
Like embers in a crucible of gold,
Loom strangely bright as mystic fires unfold.
Then in a majesty of sudden hush,
At dusk, the Master Painter lifts His brush,
And glory floods the land with wondrous light,
That flames aloft and leaves the world more bright;
And in that hush, glad songs of gratitude
Fill earth and sky, in speechless magnitude.

FROM MY TRAIN WINDOW

As day slips slowly by to early dusk
And weary workmen homeward turn their steps—
As lamps along the narrow streets shine out
Protectingly to guide the toiler home—
Unending ripples, to contrast, appear:
A stark and lonely tree against the sky;
Gray boles, all velvety with thick dank moss;
A ruminating cow and scampering colt—
Disdain, defiance, in each startled look;
Dull red swamp fires in far-off hobo camps;
The long shrill calls of freight trains going by,
A lonely echo answering from the hills;
The lights in darky shanties twinkling low,
As songs of old come faintly through the air;
The whirring of a giant plane in flight;
A lazy stream and chuckling waterfall;
And from my railway coach, all nature seems
At rest, as we speed on into the night.

—*Eleanor B. Patrick*

REVERIE

In that unfathomable gray,
Strange prelude to the break of day,
When small queer noises fill the air
And all the earth seems wondrous fair;
When the faint twitter of a bird
Astir in that still hour is heard,
And the glad splashing of a brook
Persists and thrills me as I look,
Gay fitful gleams of yellow light
Arouse from sleep the long dark night;
And crimson flames across the sky
Join in a song to glorify
A lambent presence in my breast,
A freshly vibrant welcome guest,
Expectancy, and with each day
Fulfillment in some glad new way.

—*Eleanor B. Patrick*

MY LITTLE BOY

My little boy is only four,
Though sometimes seems oh so much more.
With eager eyes he questions mine
And ponders any thoughtful sign.

Uncanny wisdom, little lad
To sense at once, when I am sad
And comfort me and make me glad
That I have him as well as Dad.

My little boy is shy at times,
Like those I knew in childhood rhymes;
But he is just so very good
I would not change him if I could.

My little boy completes my world—
A grateful tribute, thus unfurled
Of love fulfilled— a mother's joy—
To know and love her little boy.

—*Marian Patrick Collins*

MY SONG

The song I sing will be no stirring cry
Inspiring men
To deeds of valor. I
Would only tell
Of God's small growing things;
And lift my voice while all my being sings
With joy too great to bear it silently
When magic budding Spring
Transforms a tree,
When gay-clad tulips stand
In jaunty rows,
A military air about their pose.
I sing of hyacinths, of stars and grass,
And touch at Beauty's skirts
As swift they pass
These fleeting days, too bright,
I would make long,
And wake the fragile mood in this, my song.

MISER

They say that I am prodigal, too free
With what is mine, too prone to make a gift
Beyond my means. They also say that thrift
Is foreign to my nature. Who can see
That I, in many ways, am miserly?
Who knows how I have hoarded up each swift
Breath-taking flight of bird, preserved the lift
My spirit feels when snow enshrouds a tree?

The deep, true ways of love; a child's sweet kiss;
Warm glance of laughter shared; unbidden tears;
Remembered sunlight spilled like pulsing bliss
Across a Spring-touched world- oh, magic years!
Such moments I have treasured. Let me boast.
I have not wasted that which counted most.

—*Eleanor Owen Penick*

EMPTY LOT

The snow transforms the empty lot
Into a dazzling faery spot;
The pile of cans
And rusty tubs,
Are mysteries now,
And tall, dead shrubs
Gleam plume-like in the frosty light,
And where the drifts lie deep and white
A sapling
Like a shining spire
Throws shadows
Purple and sapphire;
The snow revealing crystal grace,
Enchants this rude and barren place.

WIND

The Wind
Glides down a stair
Of moonbeams when he has
Polished the shining blue floors of
Heaven.

Each star
Is freshly cleaned
And hung, the white cloud-beds
Fluffed up— and then the Wind goes home
To rest.

DAY LILY

Copper
Colored, and tall,
Offering for one day
The year's bright tribute of beauty
To June.

—*Letitia Penprase*

GROWTH

I think the flowers must surely know, much more
Of Heaven's beauty than is shown to me,
Or they could never grow so chastely fair
And beautiful, amid decaying leaves
And mouldered earth, nor could their fragile shoots
Bestir amidst the ice and snow, and wake
To brave the chilling winds of early Spring;
How very warm their hearts must be, and close
To God's enfolding love, to feel His pulse
That beats with vibrant life, within their veins,
And know its warmth of love that heeds no storms
Or icy blasts, but has the greater power
That melts away their cold; Oh, let me grow
As close as they to God, and feel His love
So warmly near, That I no more shall fear
Earth's storms, nor cease to grow when winter comes.

RECOMPENSE

Emotional fires are born
To cool and die; their ashes
Soon forgotten, as are dreams;
But in-born hopes that seem to fade,
Mellow the heart— with a chastened peace;
And a love that is true lives on
In embers still unspent, that leave
A softened fadeless glow
Of tranquility and calm.

—*Laura Hoagland Pierce*

THE MILKY WAY

One time there must have been a dairy maid
Who spilled her milk when tripping down the sky;
For well the path is marked, on which I spy
A host of silver footprints are displayed,
Which twinkle merrily and never fade.
She must have longed to serve, and fain would try
To leave a pathway there, designed so high
That it might shine beyond a brief decade.

She must have been a Cinderella too,
And courted by a prince with charming grace,
Whose helmet— for his valor— held a star;
And from whose sword the gleam of light flashed through
The velvet sky, unlimited by space—
To guard the pathway where her footprints are.

HEAVENLY BLUE

In an old-fashioned garden
Where hollyhocks grew,
Was a shrub which my mother called:
"Heavenly Blue."
On its crown was a halo
Of flower-brocades,
Of the bluest of blues,
In the rarest of shades.
I have gazed at the blue
In the hills after dawn,
And at clouds of blue butter-flies
Poised on the lawn;
Or a patch of clear blue
In the far-distant skies,
Or a bevy of maids
With the bluest of eyes;
I have marveled, in awe,
I have watched with delight
For the wings of a bluebird
Just ready for flight;
I confess though, to me
There was never a hue
To compare with my mother's
"Heavenly Blue."

—Charlotte M. Roberts

COURSES

Throughout chill days blue wings whir overhead;
With chatting sounds they wedge their way back home.
Past pilot stars, against a moon-tipped dome,
Their course is marked straight as a silver thread.

The last songbird has sung his farewell lay;
The leaves, dry bones of summer, fall and mould,
While smell of hickory smoke blends with the cold,
And silent streams flow on their sluggish way.

When morning comes, the first light snow is laid,
And makes the world once more newborn and fair.
I look back on the trail my feet ensnare,
And see the winding path my life has made.

—*Myrtes-Marie Plummer*

ORB OF GOLD

An orb of gold
Upon expanse of blue,
The shining sun comes up
Each day anew;
It fills us with conviction
Life is good,
And sends us singing
On in brotherhood.

—*Doris Miller*

CURE FOR LONELINESS

When my heart is lonely
And folks are cold to me;
When the days are gloomy
I seek a fragrant lea.

Trees are never lonely
They smile in ecstasy;
Waving their hands so comely
From gloom they set me free.

—*William James Robinson*

SUPREME LOVE

Love is a presence supreme and eternal,
Bathing the season in beauty and light;
Guiding the planets, and painting the flowers,
Crimsoning morning and silvering night.

Furnishing perfume for lilacs and roses,
Scattering petals so velvety soft;
Lifting our visions to Mind's meditation,
Up from the valleys to mountains aloft.

Day in its brightness and birds in their singing,
Flowers in fragrance and glory of spring,
Tell us of Love and his vintage of beauty,
God of creation, our heavenly King.

HIDING IN THY PRESENCE

I am hiding in Thy presence
In the secret place,
Safe from every foe and arrow,
Sheltered by Thy grace.

What if heavy clouds should lower,
Dark with care and fear,
Error could not harm or find me,
Thou forever near.

Hidden in the secret harbor,
Shadowed by Thy wing,
I shall praise Thy name in gladness,
Free, rejoice and sing.

—*Jennie Baird Schooley*

THE WIND

Singing a song to the listening forest,
Tearing the lace
From the crest of the waves,
Flinging the shreds
To the sirens that beckon
Sunbeams to dance in their shadowy caves;
Stalking the peaks of the loftiest mountains,
Breaking the stillness
Of perilous heights
Boldly he comes
On his billowy pinions
Taking my heart on adventurous flights;
Filling my mind with his freedom and daring
Pouring the sound
Of his song in my ears.
The wind is my lover
I yield to his wooing
Winging away from the duty of years.

SOME THINGS

Some things are too lovely to touch with a word,
The smile of a flower,
The song
Of a bird;
The light
From a star
That is aeons away;
The peace that wells up at the close of the day,
In hearts that have given their best to attend
The needs of the helpless,
In want
Of a friend;
The hush
When I know
That a prayer has been heard;
These things are too lovely to touch with a word.

—*Marjorie Woody Scott*

PIONEER MOTHER

Inspired by faith she sought a new frontier
This Mother
Whom we call the pioneer.
Courageously she rode
Beside her man,
To blaze a trail where highways never ran.
Her lonely cabin unadorned and crude
Became her shrine
Through years of solitude.
She planted seeds
Of Truth and Loyalty,
Within the hearts of her posterity.
Around her brow a wreath of glory shone
Reflected from
The Great Creator's Throne.
And ages yet unborn
Her creed must learn,
Ere to the land of shadows they return.

—*Pearl Lange Schuler*

THE ROAD THROUGH THE ORCHARD

The road through the orchard is fragrant and fair,
The crab-apple blossoms
Are scenting the air.
The old winding road underneath blooming trees
Is cluttered with petals that fell in the breeze.
The billowy clouds
In the blue of the sky,
Form mountains of snow as they slowly pass by.

—*Emmy Kay Schuler*

FAITH

When we stood in the gloom
At the bend of the river of death,
In the valley of sighs,
With the darkness that crowds the bereft;
When we heard and we felt
The cold washing of sand on the bank,
Then our soul and our mind
Knew a fear as our heart failed and sank.

And we waved a farewell
As our faith sent a beam on ahead
By the light of our hope
For the friend we had mourned as dead,
And that glimmer of faith
From our soul shed a gleam that grew wide,
And it sighted the craft
Sailing frail, drifting far from our side.

Then, Lo! the glory of life
We beheld in the rise of the sun,
And the opposite shore
Was as close as when life had begun;
And the promise we thought
Had been made of a far away land,
By our faith we have found
It is close, it is close, just at hand.

ORCHARD NIGHT

We walk again the orchard lane,
As summer plans her flight,
Through blue washed haze
All cider sweet
When breezes stir the night;
The autumn lantern swung aloft
Amid the sleepy stars,
Spreads saffron gold
On dew drop pearls,
And strews with silver bars,
The pathway at our feet.

—*Mabel Shepard*

MIRACLE

How can one look upon the budding rose
And say the days of miracles are past?
Within its petals it is holding fast
The future germs of life, now in repose.
Who can explain the wonder that it grows,
Or comprehend the mystery at last
That made it spring from lowly earth, and cast
An aureole of beauty? No one knows.

If we could solve the riddle of the flowers,
Or of the living grass that forms the sod,
The verdure that sustains the life of men,
We could come closer to creative powers
That lurk in darkness of the dusty clod,
And know why spring will bear the rose again.

—I. R. Sherwin

HEARTH FIRE

Upon the hearth the driftwood fire burns low,
With softly creeping tongues of scarlet flame;
I watch the age-old apparition glow
With prisoned sun that kindled brands reclaim.
These flitting lights hold Vestal fires of ages,
A thousand smoldering gleams where sentries trod,
The meager flames of wisdom-haunted sages,
And holy fires that rise to honor God.

How many millions since the world was made,
Have trusted dreams to crimson argosies
Of drifting fire! In phantom masquerade
Lover wins love, the warrior victories,
The mother blessedness, the youth delight;
Old ghosts are stalking through this fire tonight.

—Alberta McMahon Sherwin

NATURE'S HOUSE

At twi-light's hour, I hastened to its call,
And found the house
All ready for its guest;
The roof a dome of blue,
Of black and green,
And palest yellow which the Master mixed;
Then pierced it here and there that light could shine
From lamps above,
Reflected from His face;
The green beneath was
Carpet for my feet,
At twi-light's hour,
And blossom, bush, and tree
Were furnishings of Nature's regal house.

DAY

The day is glad, the earth is green,
The air is full of life unseen;
 The clouds above float idly by,
 And leave quaint figures in the sky,
Which form a stately go-between.

The morning's glow is satin-sheen,
And noon-time throws a mirky screen
 Where sultriness and stillness lie;
 The day is glad.

The afternoon is slow of mein;
Its fading dullness seems to lean,
 And stifles every weary sigh;
 The evening shadows, born to die,
Still linger like a stately queen.
 The day is glad.

—*Jessie B. Sheuerman*

INTERIOR DECORATION

I felt the wind sweep through the chilly room,
And saw the emptiness of comforts where
The evening shadows cast their solemn gloom,
And all the walls were desolate and bare.
One could not from the looks of things assume
That any body could be living there.
And yet it is not very hard to find
A wind-swept place like this within the mind.

HE WHO SPEAKS

He who speaks,
And creates in others
A desire to learn,
Is a Teacher.

He who speaks,
And antagonizes others
With argument,
Is a Lawyer.

He who speaks,
Admonishing others
To reformation,
Is a Preacher.

He who speaks,
To himself and
Governs his soul,
Is a Philosopher.

He who speaks,
And pours out his soul
In worship
Is a Poet.

—Bess Foster Smith

PORTRAIT

They had so little, in their narrow way,
A hilly farm, a tiny garden patch,
A weather-beaten house, ragged and gray,
A pair of mules whose color did not match.
They had a white-faced cow, a hog or two,
And weary days of toil that stretched ahead,
Their goal so distant, leisure hours few,
Their stony acres yielding little bread.
But when the farthest hill drank up the sun,
Soft dusk met lamplight in their quiet room,
And when the length of sun-parched day was done,
The breeze came sweet from fields of clover bloom.
And still he faced the years of scanty yield,
And brought her dogwood blossoms from the field.

—*Alma Robison Higbee*

I SHALL TAKE TIME

I shall take time to know beauty of hills
When silvered by a slowly rising moon,
A shining disc of pearl that tilts and spills
A molten flagstone path on the lagoon.
Nor shall routine or duty tether me
When wild geese call from out an autumn sky,
And bittersweet, with coral jewelry,
Festoons the trees where chestnut carpets lie.
And I shall pause to hear the cardinal,
Or catch a glimpse of bluebirds on the wing.
Then when days come that are less beautiful—
For happiness is such a fragile thing—
Deep in my heart these memories I shall hold . . .
Nor mind oncoming years . . . nor growing old.

—*Etta Hammers Spitzer*

NEAR GARDEN PATHS

Near garden paths, the flowers grow
And nod their heads, when breezes blow;
 They ask for naught, but give their best
 In rare perfume, to hearts distressed,
They give the world a beauty show.

They lilt and whisper sweet and low,
With radiance they smile and glow,
 While joyous birds abide and nest,
 Near garden paths.

Safe in a haven that they know,
Where they can sing, and come and go
 Each day, and feel their eager quest,
 For safety to their home is blest,
And they can watch their fledglings grow,
 Near garden paths.

DEEP DUSK

In the hour of
Deep dusk,
Fireflies,
Like Neon lights,
Flit in mad revelry,
To tunes
The crickets play;
Soft breezes
Fan the air,
To which perfumed flowers,
Add their fragrant applause,
In the hour of
Deep dusk.

THE MIDAS TOUCH

The autumn sun has touched with gold,
 The leaves, and seeds upon the trees,
As though to gild a story told;
The autumn sun has touched with gold,
And ripened them to take the cold
 Preparing them for winter's freeze.
The autumn sun has touched with gold,
 The leaves and seeds upon the trees.

—*Harriet Mae Stayton*

OMNIPRESENCE

O God of Life, of Truth and Love,
Thy kingdom is not far away;
Thy pilgrims lift their eyes above,
Transcending clouds of mortal clay,
And catch the gleaming light of day
To find as near as breath of prayer
Or, as the sun's pervading ray,
Thy kingdom shining everywhere.

With thought ascending like a dove
In winging through the sky of May,
I see, oh God, eternal Love
In every flower, leaf and spray
And know Thou art the Light, the way;
And that as pilgrims in Thy care
We see enlightened as we pray,
Thy kingdom shining everywhere.

We see Thy lilies blow and prove
In fields where flowers nod and sway,
That in Thee all things live and move
And that Thy children sing a lay,
With open eyes, in trust obey
Thy law of Love, Thy truth declare
To all creation and display
Thy kingdom shining everywhere.

O, God of Life where angels stay,
Thy joyous children upward fare
See in Thy light, eternal day,
Thy kingdom shining everywhere.

—*Myrtle Woolery Stearns*

OCTOBER

Resplendent you come with your banners aflame,
The vanguard of autumn, October your name,
In lavish abandon
You scatter your gold,
A princess in jewels,
Superb to behold.
You deck all the hillsides
With crimsoning glow,
By painting the foliage bright as you go
With orange and scarlet, supplanting the green,
And cover the whole
With a glistening sheen,
Of diamond dew
From your bountiful store,
And gorgeous chrysanthemums
Bring by the score!
Resplendent you come with your banners aflame,
A pageant of beauty, October your name.

DEPARTING SUMMER

Our glorious summer days will soon be gone,
No longer will the robin's lay be heard,
For Autumn soon will sing her muted song,
And call to southward flight each happy bird.
But summer has her work all neatly done,
The golden wheat is gathered into sheaves,
The ripened corn stands gleaming in the sun
And now a yellow glow comes on the leaves.
The last of Summer's flowers kissed by rain,
In vivid beauty now are blazing forth,
Almost we think the spring is here again,
But soon the wind will come from out the north,
And flowers then will quietly depart
Bequeathing Autumn's beauty to the heart.

—Lurline Hughes Swain

PICTURE IN THE WOODS

One glorious September day
I found a beautiful tree standing alone;
It was red as the flame of a campfire
In the twilight.
A cloud white and graceful as a swan
Drifted lazily in a clear blue sky,
Red tree, white cloud and blue sky,
The colors of our flag,
Used by the clever hand of nature
Creating a picture of rare beauty,
Framed by the burnished gold of majestic autumn.
If man could paint such beauty on a canvas
He would be famous;
To hang it in a gallery would be desecration.
Finding it here in the woods is an inspiration
That will linger in my memory forever.

MY VALENTINE

My valentine has eyes of honey brown
That twinkle with delight when I appear,
And red-gold curls that cluster like a crown
About her bonny face. And when I hear
The pitter-patter of her feet draw near
My heart is glad. Sometimes we snuggle down
And read of fairy folk, without a fear;
Her eyelids drop, she is in sleepy town.
I hold her close against my grateful heart,
And treasure every minute of our play,
To dream about when we may drift apart
For little girls grow big and go away.

FANS

The trees like fans of black and silver lace
Against a velvet sky of smoky white,
Are jeweled by the evening stars that light
The swaying branches with a festive grace.
A flash of fire across the heavens trace
The beauty of the fans as they ignite
A sparkle for an instant warm and bright—
The hand of God had photographed the place.

—Margaret Swigart

WOODS OF YESTERDAY

The blossoms in the woods of yesterday
Whispered in a language all their own. The sun
Had filtered through the leaves in God's own way
And warmed each growing thing till day was done.

The violets that grew in twos and crowds,
Each purple bonnet on a thin green stem,
Made a sun-shade of the gauzy clouds,
While old Sweet William went along with them.

The tang of woodsy camp smoke in the air
Led to a gypsy trail—a quiet road
Where everything was gay and debonair—
Far from the drive of life's unending goad.

In dreams I walked back to those woods today,
With youth and hope, companions all the way.

—*Belle Van Natta*

THE FLANDERS DEAD

In Flanders Fields around are spread
The upturned faces of the dead,
Who sacrificed their lives to free
The world from strife and tyranny,
That peace and freedom reign instead.

Beneath the sky a light is shed
Upon the poppy's nodding head
Where they await the reveille,
In Flanders Fields.

May fleeting Time still softly tread
While passing by their silent bed
Until their peaceful slumbers be
Awakened in eternity,
And the last prayer for them be said,
In Flanders Fields.

—*Henry Polk Lowenstein*

DEATH IS DEAD

It is not death to die, but life instead;
It is the dawn of day above the dread
And mortal fear of death;
The night has flown;
Enraptured I explore
The vast unknown!
And death no longer threatens as a foe,
But serves me as a means of letting go,
As with awakening sight new gleams appear,
Revealing God:—
In words: "Lo I am near."
I realize
Eternity is here.
The dream of mortal life is done,
And death is dead, but immortality is won.

CHARADE OF SPRING

When winter sheathes his scimitar of woe,
And all the earth awakes to songs of spring,
And violets blend azure with the snow,
In the charade of every growing thing,
I do not wonder nesting birds must sing
As morning wakes, the heavens all aglow!
I too enjoy escape from such a king,
And sense a subtle urge to breathe and grow.
The sylvan hills when draped in gauzy white
And reddened tapestry of fiery hue;
The sponge-like mushroom growing over night,
The meadows wrapped in sheen of radiant blue,
The wild bird lightly poised at dizzy height,
Persuade me I shall also live anew.

—George K. Vaughan

THE NORTH DAKOTA BAD LANDS

Awesome, aloof,— revealing life
Of regions,
Harmony and strife.
This broken earth,
Forever giving birth
To changes, with weird, silent shapes
Spellbounds imagination, as it drapes
In violet haze,
For bewildered gaze,
Formations like shattered spires,
Shadowing red clay, left by coal mine fires.
Here a face, or fortress rising out of sage
And there a ship, blown-up in rage.
And strata of that naked butte
Tell history, though mute;
In spite its crown of prairie land,
Aged forests and ocean sand
Are bedded in its side,
Where nameless creations and fossils abide.
Into the distance, canyons trail their way
In panoramic scenes of blue, red, and gray.
Climbing the slopes, green cedars seek
The sun; while topmost peak
Invites the golden eagle to his nest.
Native coyotes pause, silhouetted on a lower crest,
And spaces once echoing the Indian cry
Are overgrown with yucca lilies and cacti.
Badlands, to ancient explorer an obstruction;
To modern tourists, a colossal dream.

SURVIVAL

They have survived: a man and tree!
His face is smeared with dust
His bucket lined with rust,
But drouth has lost a victory.
Deserted by both bird and bee,
The spruce enchants the eye,
Though partly scorched and dry.
They are a joyous pair to see.

—*Frances Vejtasa*

THE BUTTERFLY

Spirit of the perfumed bowers,
Sipping nectar
From the flowers,
Giving splendor to the lawn
In the glint of crimson dawn;
You are more
Than butterfly,
You are grandeur from the sky.
Crawling first through dust and slime,
Passing days
Through dismal time;
Drab the colors that you wore
Creeping on earth's dingy floor;
Then you went
To meet your doom,
Sleeping in a silken room.
Light as thought, your winging free,
Now you soar
Above the lea,
While the meadow's coloring
Blends with your translucent wing.
You are more
Than butterfly;
Beauty's symbol from on high.

BORROWERS

The Moon looks down with a borrowed light
And softly the moonbeams fall;
It is better to shine with a borrowed light
Than never to shine at all.
The mockingbird sings with another's trill,
With a cadence sweet and strong;
It is better to sing with another's trill
Than never to sing a song.

—Robin A. Walker

WEAVER

O Weaver of beauty, designing the day
 With splashes of lavender, shading to blue,
How lovely the pattern your fingers portray;
 You weave with perfection the color and hue.

With corals you fashion the tint of the dawn
 And stars lose the luster that silvered the night;
With amber you jewel the dew on the lawn,
 Your shuttles are flashes of radiant light.

You brighten with opals the rain in the air,
 While boisterous winds toss the warp on your loom;
At evening you spangle the heavenly stair
 And crimson the shadows that enter my room.

I love you, O Weaver, designer of art,
For tapestries hung on the walls of my heart.

WINTER'S GEMS

The faded hills stood shivering and cold
 Beneath the icy fingers of the night;
 A filmy curtain draped the petaled light
That fell in scanty streaks upon the old
And spangled earth whose glory seemed to hold
 My heart in breathless wonder; lost to sight
 A crescent moon untied her sheen of white
And sought in vain to splash the clouds with gold.

The waters danced and shimmered on the lakes
 As snow-winged jewels reached them thick and fast;
 With touching silence barren trees stood still,
To catch the diamonds tossed to them in flakes
 Of rumbled down, lest bits should hurry past
 And leave their priceless gems on some far hill.

—Cora E. Wells

THESE THINGS

These things are still her sweetest valentines:
A ring that seals the marriage vow,
A house that is a home,
A baby's face
That peers
Through tears
To win her grace.
The man on fertile loam
When spring recalls the gleaming plow,
To mark the fields with deep and fluted lines,
Where soon will show the trail of greening vines;
The sweat that beads his weathered brow,
As well, the restless foam
On seas that race
The years.
Nor fears
Can ever trace
Her cheek, for though a dome
May tempt the rich, as yet somehow
These things are still her sweetest valentines.

—Tirzah E. Wallace

THERE SLEEPS A SPRING

Beneath the snow and ice there sleeps a spring
As fair as any mortal eyes have seen,
She only waits the time when she may fling
Aside the somber shroud for dress of green;
This gown she dons must have a silver sheen
As though its warp were threads of thin spun light,
Unraveled by the stars that come to preen
Themselves in scraps of velvet left by night,
And dance until the rising sun puts them to flight.
She sleeps, to wake when winter, tired and old
Has lost his power to cast a magic spell;
She will arise with tulips, red and gold,
Entwined within her hair; her songs will tell
The earth that she is come and all is well;
Then melted snow will find the thirsty brook,
And eager trees will feel the leaf buds swell,
While spring, beside the mirror lake will look
A charming shepherdess with flowers for her crook.

—Ann Williams

TROPICAL MOON DREAM

Night when the moon in its beauty is shining,
Peeking through branches of tropical trees,
Back on the prairie the wheat fields are waving,
Beckoning me from the islands and seas.

Night when the moon of the tropic is gleaming,
Warm as the sun of a prairial sky,
Often I think of the gold of the harvest,
Ripening grain, or a coyote's cry;
Buffalo wallows that dotted the prairies,
Hills where the thickets are laden with plums,
Mental mirages enhancing my vision,
Echoes from toil where the harvester hums
Ring in my ears like the song of the siren,
Deadening music the islander strums.

OLD FASHIONED GARDEN

In the lovely old garden rare flowers grew,
Every variety, color and hue.

There were four-o'clocks, asters, marigolds and stocks,
Live forever, pansies, verbenas and phlox.

Sweet William, poppy, petunia and mint,
Morning glory blossoms of a pastel tint.

Bushes of snowball and bridal wreath, too;
Ragged robin, violets, larkspur—all blue.

Lilies of the valley, bleeding hearts of red;
Dusty miller used as border for a bed.

Tiger lilies and honeysuckle vines,
Blossoms more fragrant than perfumes or wines.

Gardener, you say these flowers are not rare?
Ah, but you do not know who planted them there.

—Billie Williams

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